THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For JUNE, 1794.

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Embellifhed with a beautiful Engraving of the external Appearance of the Horfe (to illuftrate a Syftem of Farriery, intended to be given in this Work). Alfo a ftriking Reprefentation of the Accomplifhed Sportfwoman, leaping over a Five-Barred Gate.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF we are not miſtaken, T. C's Allegory made its appearance in a reſpectable Monthly Publication ſome Years back, but we think it too good to withhold from our Readers, and have therefore inſerted it.

VERITAS will perceive his Favours have had due Attention paid to them, both in our laſt, as well as in our preſent Publication.

Our Correſpondent C. W. is intitled to our beſt Thanks for his indefatigable Exertions; and we have only to hope for a Continuance of them.

It has been an invariable Rule with us, ſince the Commencement of our Publication, to notice Inſtances of *Canine Madneſs* whenever they occurred: The Method of Cure pointed out by BENEVOLUS to thoſe who have unfortunately experienced the Conſequences ariſing from it, has an equal Claim to our Attention, and the Eſſay alluded to ſhall certainly appear in our next.

We are thankful to A GENTLEMAN JOCKEY for his Favour, which makes its Appearance in our preſent Number. His Hints alſo will have that Reſpect paid to them which they merit.

To the reſt of our numerous Contributors we have only to ſay, that their Productions ſhall have as early Inſertion as the Nature of our Plan will admit.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For JUNE, 1794.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IN a letter from the British camp, near Tournay, dated June 17, it is with peculiar satisfaction I find, that neither the horrid din of war, nor the * inhuman and detestable enemy our brave Britons have to encounter with, can deter them from their native pursuits, while they are held in suspense by the operations of the army under General Clairfayt, in the neighbourhood of Ypres. The paragraph in the letter I allude to, and which I think worthy the notice of the readers of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, runs thus: — "We are about a mile and a half from Tournay; our principal amusement is HORSE RIDING. We have a course within our lines, and often witness as much sport, though on a smaller scale, as at Newmarket.

Read it with pleasure and satisfaction, ye true lovers of your country! — hide your diminished heads, ye promoters of sedition! and learn to respect the true land of liberty from the conduct of your generous and brave countrymen, who, surrounded by hordes of banditti, preserve that complacency of temper which will enable them to surmount every difficulty. Forgive me, gentlemen, if I have indulged myself too much in a theme which, of all others, is most congenial to my feelings as an Englishman, and believe me to be a well-wisher to your entertaining and useful publication.

J. H

June 26, 1794.

* I am warranted in the use of these expressions by the infamous decree of the National Convention, in giving no quarter to a British or Hanoverian soldier.

Rabbits *nurtured by a* Cat.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I HAVE obſerved in your laſt, and one or two of your former publications, inſtances of incongruous adoption in animals recorded. Give me leave to preſent you with another (no leſs remarkable than either) which I truſt will afford ſome entertainment to the curions.

Some years ſince, at the houſe of a gentleman in a diſtant part of the kingdom, a fox had been dug out of its earth, and was brought one evening to the houſe to be kept till the next morning, when it was to be turned out before a pack of hounds; a female rabbit, with two ſucking ones, was procured for its refreſhment, and the fox accordingly ate up the old rabbit for his ſupper; but in the night he found means of effecting his eſcape: a cat, who had lately kittened in the houſe, found ſuck for the young rabbits, and taking compaſſion on the poor orphans, nouriſhed them as ſhe would have done her own offspring, and ſeemed even to pay them uncommon attention; for ſhe frequently carried them in her mouth to different parts of the houſe, even into the garrets, for greater ſecurity from any enemies whom ſhe apprehended might injure them: and more particularly from a young terrier who was alſo kept in the houſe. One of the rabbits died in two or three days, but the other lived till it was able to run about after its nurſe, who continued to treat it with the utmoſt tenderneſs and affection, but whoſe cares were unavailing to preſerve her adopted from the enemy ſhe moſt ſuſpected,—the terrier, who finally demoliſhed the poor rabbit to the great grief of its foſter-mother.

I am, your's, &c.

L.

Worceſter,
June 4, 1794.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Gentlemen,

IT is matter of doubt with me, whether the following lines may be conſidered as bearing any feature of your plan; but as it is of game, (though not abſolutely the methods taken by the ſportſman to obtain poſſeſſion of it) I think it has ſome claim to your attention. It is a circumſtance not generally known, but if you aſk a countryman in the ſouth-weſt part of the kingdom to dine, he objects to any kind of game which comes to your table, and ſays in his provincial dialect, *I never eats hollow fowl*; under which term he includes hares and rabbits, as well as wild fowl, and every kind of poultry. It is in vain to aſk him from whence this diſlike proceeds, for he can tell you no more, than that he derives it from his father. *Cæſar*, it is very remarkable, deſcribes the inhabitants of this country, as having exactly the ſame prejudice. "*They eſteem it* (ſays he) *a crime to eat hares, poultry, or geeſe: they kept them nevertheleſs for amuſement.*" There is, however, an abſtinence from this kind of food ſtill more inexplicable: it is well known to ſportſmen, that ſpaniels refuſe to eat the bones of pheaſants, partridges, and wild fowl, though they hunt them naturally, they reject alſo the

the bones of the woodcock, which bird they muſt be trained to fluſh. • Whether, gentlemen, this antipathy is dictated by inſtinct, or if it ariſes from being domeſticated, is a problem I muſt confeſs myſelf unable to ſolve. Probably ſome of your ingenious and entertaining correſpondents may give us ſome further information on this head, which will greatly oblige your admirer and conſtant reader.

W. W.

Exeter,
June 21, 1794.

Ascot Heath.

THE races at this place commenced on Tueſday the 24th inſtant, with their uſual ſplendour of rank and conſequence — among the foremoſt, their Majeſties and the Royal Family, diſplayed their accuſtomed benignity, and mingled with that degree of affability, among all ranks and deſcriptions, as plainly evinced the confidence they entertained of the people's affection. A deſcription of the race, and the amuſements which at intervals occupy the attention of the frequenters of it, are ſo well known to moſt of our readers; and, indeed, have been ſo often deſcribed, that a repetition would be ſuperfluous: we ſhall therefore, only ſtate, that His Majeſty's plate of 100gs was won by Ld Egremont's b. h. by Trentham, beating three others; and the ſecond year of the Prince's Stakes was won by Mr. Vernon's gr. f. Fancy, by Dungannon.

As the different racings will be particularly noticed in our Calendar, it will be unneceſſary to mention them here. We ſhall only, by way of concluſion, juſt mention a circumſtance that would have caſt a gloom on the feſtivity of the day, but for the active interference of the ſurrounding multitude. It was in conſequence of the horſes belonging to an open landau, wherein were the Princeſs Elizabeth, and two others, taking fright, and made their ſituation for two minutes, extremely perilous: however, by the exertions above alluded to, they were happily extricated, to the general joy of every one preſent.

COCKING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday the 23d inſt. was fought at Egham, the annual cock-match between the gentlemen of Richmond and Farnham, for 5 guineas a battle, and 100 the odd, 17 by the main which was won by the latter, 7 battles a-head. Goldſmith, feeder for Richmond, and Gladdiſh for Farnham.

The Crane *with* one Leg.

MRS. Piozzi, in her two ingenious volumes lately publiſhed, entitled British Synonymy, has introduced many amuſing anecdotes to illuſtrate them. We think the following joke, under the head of

DROLL, COMICAL, GROTESQUE,

will not be unacceptable to our readers:

"A noble Florentine had ordered a crane for dinner; but his cook's ſweetheart coming in hungry, he cut off a leg for her, and ſent the bird to table with but one: his maſter in a paſſion called him up, and aſked him if cranes had but one leg? 'No, ſir, (replied

plied the fellow with great presence of mind) and your excellency never saw those animals with two.'—'Did I never, indeed, (said my Lord, still more provoked) order the carriage to the door directly.' The open chaise was brought, and the cook put into it by his master's direction: who, seizing the reins, drove him to the neighbouring lake, three miles from the palace, where stood numbers of cranes by the water-side, as is their custom, upon one leg, with the other drawn up under their wing. 'Now look, sir, (said the cunning fellow) they are all so, you may perceive, not one of them has more than one leg.' 'You are impudent enough; (replies the nobleman) we will see presently if they are all lame,' and suddenly crying *hoo, hoo*, away scampered the birds on as many limbs as they could muster. 'Oh! but my lord, (returns the droll cook, comically) this is not fair; you never cried *hoo, hoo*, to the crane upon your dish, or who knows but he might have produced two legs as well as these?"

ANECDOTE *of the* BISHOP *of* RAPHOE, *a celebrated Sportsman.*

MR. BECKFORD, in his "Thoughts upon Hunting," has enlivened his book with several laughable stories; but seems not to have been acquainted with an anecdote respecting Bishop Twysden, which, we think, is more diverting than any that he has advanced. When that gentleman, who was never very clerical, became Bishop of Raphoe, he used in the autumn to come over to England to take the diversion of fox-hunting; and in particular with Mr. Sheldon, a Roman catholic, who lived in the county of Gloucester. With this gentleman the Bishop used to hunt much in the north part of that county, where the divisions of the fields consist of dry stone walls, a sort of fences very incommodious to sportsmen. However, our good lord of Raphoe, who was a light, agile man, and an excellent horseman, surmounted all difficulties with the greatest ease, and often left the boldest riders behind him. Mr. Sheldon's huntsman and whippers-in were astonished at the abilities of the prelate: and, with a mixture of envy and admiration, exclaimed, "that they never saw such a son of a b—h of a bishop for riding in all their lives."

Description of a Modern BULL-FEAST, *at Madrid, &c. by the* CHEVALIER DE BOURGOANNE.

THE bull-fights are what principally seem to be some remains of barbarism in the manners of the Spaniards, but at the same time they are susceptible of apology. These combats, to which the Spanish nation has the strongest attachment, though highly repugnant to the delicacy of the rest of Europe, are considered by many Spaniards as one means of preserving, in their nation, the energy by which it is characterized; from the habit of exciting violent emotions, which are disagreeable to none but weak minds. For my part, though I wish to respect a taste which I confess is by no means in unison with my own, I have never been able to comprehend what relation there is to strength and courage, in a spectacle where those present are

are expofed to no danger; in which the actors prove, by the rarity of accidents, that the hazard they run is not of a nature to excite much concern, and in which the wretched victims that are fatisfied, have nothing to expect but a certain and painful death, as a reward for their courage and vigour.

Another proof that this fpectacle has no influence on the mind is, that I have feen among the fpectators, children, young women, the aged of both fexes, men of every age, clafs, and character, in whom the habit of frequenting thefe bloody entertainments corrected not their weaknefs or timidity, or changed the foftnefs of their manners.

Thefe diverfions are very expenfive, but very profitable. The price of the loweft place is two or four reals, according as they are expofed to the fun, or in the fhade. The higheft price is a great piaftre. After the value of the horfes and bulls, and the falary of the Torreadores have been deducted from the money received, the remainder is commonly dedicated to pious ufes; at Madrid it forms the principal funds for the fupport of the hofpital.

Though the cavaliers who are thrown fometimes receive contufions, yet, during almoft four years that I was prefent at Bull-fights, I knew but one torreador who died of his wounds. A prieft, however, provided with the viaticum, and holy oils, is conftantly prefent in a kind of latticed box, where he is not feen by the fpectators; a precaution which, notwithftanding its inutility, has been preferved, like many other human inftitutions, merely by the force of cuftom.

Bull-fights are moftly given in fummer, becaufe in this feafon fpectators may remain in the open air, and the animals are more vigorous. Privileged breeds are condemned to this fpecies of facrifice. As foon as the bull appears in the circle, all the connoiffeurs name the breed he is of. There are twenty benches round the circle, and that only which is moft elevated, is covered. The boxes are in the upper part of the edifices. In fome cities, as in Valladolid, where there is no particular place fet apart for the combat, the principal fquare is converted into a theatre for the purpofe. The balconies of the different ftories are continued acrofs the ends of the ftreets, which there terminate; the fight of the people of every clafs affembled round the fquare, expecting the fignal for battle, and exhibiting in their countenances every fign of joy and impatience, has in it fomething interefting, if not pleafing.

The exhibition begins by a kind of proceffion round the fquare, in which the champions, as well on foot as on horfeback, who are to attack the fierce animal, make their appearance; after thefe, come two alguazils on horfeback, gravely advancing in wigs and black robes, who go to the prefident of the combat (the governor or the corregidor) for an order to begin. The fignal is immediately given: the animal, until then fhut up in a kind of cabin, the door of which opens into the circle, makes his appearance. The agents of Themis, who have no quarrel with him, prudently haften their retreat; and their fear, but ill-feconded by their horfes, is the prelude to the cruel pleafure, which the fpectators are about to enjoy.

The

The bull is received, and stunned with the cries and noisy expressions of joy. He has first to combat with the horsemen (picadors), who, cloathed after the ancient manner of the Spaniards, and, as it were, fastened down upon their saddles, wait for him armed with long lances. This exercise, which requires address, strength, and courage, has nothing in it degrading. Formerly, the greatest among the nobility disdained not to take a part in it; at present, even some hidalgoes solicit the honour of combating on horseback, and upon occasion, are previously presented to the people under the auspices of a patron, who is generally one of the principal persons of the court.

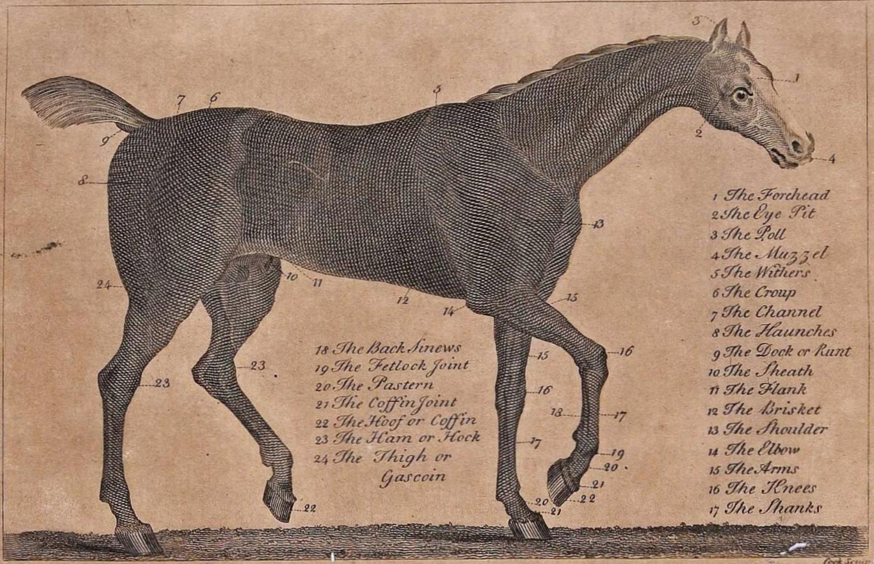
The picadores, whoever they may be, open the scene. The bull, without being provoked, frequently attacks them; from which circumstance, when it happens, all the spectators conceive a great opinion of his courage. If, notwithstanding the pointed steel which repels his attack, he again returns to the charge, the cries are redoubled, and pleasure then becomes enthusiasm; but if the animal be pacific, disconcerted, and cowardly runs about the circle, avoiding his persecutors, murmurs and hissings resound throughout the theatre; all those within whose reach he passes, load him with blows and execrations. It seems as if he were a common enemy, who has a great crime to expiate, or a victim whose sacrifice is of consequence to all the people. If nothing can rouse his courage, he is judged unworthy of being tormented by men; and the repeated cries of *perros, perros,* bring on him new enemies.

Great dogs are then let loose upon him, which seize him by the neck and ears. The animal now finds the use of his natural weapons: the dogs, thrown in the air, fall stunned, and sometimes lacerated upon the ground; they rise again, renew the combat, and usually end by overthrowing their adversary, which then perishes ignobly. On the contrary, if he has presented himself with a good grace, his career is more glorious, but longer and more painful. The first act of this tragedy belongs to the combatants on horseback: this is the most animated, but the most bloody and disgusting part of the whole; the irritated animal braves the steel which wounds him deeply in the neck, falls furiously upon the innocent horse that carries his enemy, gores his sides, and overturns him with his rider.

In this case the latter, upon the ground and disarmed, is in imminent danger, till the combatants on foot, called *chulos*, come to his assistance, and provoke the animal, by shaking before him stuffs of different colours.

But it is not without danger to themselves that they save the dismounted horseman: the bull sometimes pursues them, and they are obliged to put in practice their utmost agility: frequently, however, they escape, by letting fall the stuff, which is their only weapon, and upon which the fury of the deceived animal is exhausted. But it sometimes happens that he is not thus to be imposed on, and the champion has no other resource than that of leaping over the barrier six feet high, which forms the interior of the circle.

(To be continued in our next.)


1 The Forehead
2 The Eye Pit
3 The Poll
4 The Muzzel
5 The Withers
6 The Croup
7 The Channel
8 The Haunches
9 The Dock or Runt
10 The Sheath
11 The Flank
12 The Brisket
13 The Shoulder
14 The Elbow
15 The Arms
16 The Knees
17 The Shanks
18 The Back Sinews
19 The Fetlock Joint
20 The Pastern
21 The Coffin Joint
22 The Hoof or Coffin
23 The Ham or Hock
24 The Thigh or Gascoin
Cook Sculp

A Treatise on Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

AGREEABLE to the intimation given in their last Number, the Editors of the Sporting Magazine now beg leave to present their Subscribers with a part of their intended *Treatise on the Art of Farriery, illustrated with Anatomical Plates*, which they pledge themselves shall be continued in regular monthly succession, until the whole is completed.

In this Treatise, the Editors mean not to shew their deep reading, by a pompous display of high-sounding words, with which the scientific publications of the present day so commonly abound; but will content themselves with adopting a plain, and, they trust, comprehensive stile, which they think much better adapted to those into whose hands the subject they are about to treat on, may happen to fall: nor do they think it necessary to detain the reader's attention from the grand object he is in pursuit of, by explaining what their ideas are of the utility of the plan; it being obvious to every one, that to preserve this noble animal which nature has constructed for the use and benefit of mankind, ought to be the primary object of his possessor's attention. All, therefore, that is necessary to be said by way of introducing the following pages to the notice of the public is, that the writers have found them to be useful, and they have no doubt but they will meet the approbation of every practical, as well as theoretic observer.

*** *The annexed beautiful Engraving, describing the external parts of the Horse, the* Proprietors *hope will be acceptable to their readers.*

THE EXTERNAL PARTS OF A HORSE.

Of these, the first that offers itself to our notice is the *coat*, which is called the *hair*, and has different denominations in several parts of the body. The foretop is the *topping*, or *tuke*; the hairs on the under lip are the *beard*; those which grow along the upper part of the neck are called the *mane*; the part that is most arched, the *crest*; and when that sinks, a horse is said to be crest-fallen; the tuft of hair which grows on the lower part of the leg behind, above the heel, is termed the *feetlock*, or *fetlock*; the hair that grows round over the top of the hoof, is named the *crown*, or *crowt*, or *cownet*; the hair on the eye-lids is the *brills*.

The usual term by which the body of a horse is distinguished, is the *carcase*; thus a horse with a large body is said to have a *large carcase*; when the body is compact and well made, he is said to have a *good carcase*. The forehead is often called the *brow*. The two hollows above the eyes, which are most remarkable in old horses, are termed the *eye-pits*. The mark which frequently runs down the face is the *rache*; and the white spot in the forehead, the *star*. The back part of the head, where it joins to the neck, is the *poll*; and the juncture of the head and neck, the *onset*, or *setting on of the head*. The lips, with the tip of the nose, form the *muzzle*. The place on the inside of the mouth, where the tongue lies, is the *charnet*. The fleshy rows that run across the upper part of the mouth, and are very remarkable in young horses, are called the *bars*. The top of the shoulder-blades, and the highest part of the

the ſpine, at the ſetting on of the neck, is the *withers*; and from the top of this a horſe is meaſured to know his ſize. From the withers to the hind part of the back, are the *reins*. Next the reins are the *loins*: though ſome call the whole extent, from the withers to the *croup*, the reins. The extremity of the reins, above the hips to the tail, is called the *croup*. The part where the crupper lies, is the *channel*; and the tail is the *dock* or *runt*. The ſinking of the back, if any, is named the *ſway*.

The hinder part of the belly, next the genitals, is called the *flank*, which reaches from the ſmall ribs to the haunches. The looſe ſkin which covers the yard; is the *ſheath*. The *belly* reaches from the briſket to the ſheath. The point from the withers to the top joint of the thigh, incloſing the whole breaſt on both ſides is called the *ſhoulder*. The *fore legs* or *arms* begin from the ſhoulder; and the hind part pointing towards the briſket, is the *elbow*. The middle joint is the *knee*, to which the fore leg or arm reaches. The extent from the knee to the paſtern is called the *ſhank*; and the ſtrong tendon behind the ſhank, which is inſerted into the heel, is termed the *back ſinew*. The place where the ſhank joins the paſtern, is diſtinguiſhed by the *paſtern* or *fetlock joint*. The *paſtern* reaches from the lower part of this joint to the foot, and has a joint in the middle to facilitate the motion of the foot, which diſtinguiſhes it into two parts, the *great paſtern* next the ſhank, and the *leſſer*, next the foot. The joining of this laſt with the foot is called the *coffin joint*.

The *hoof* is by ſome called the *horn*, but moſt commonly the *coffin*, becauſe it encloſes the bone of the foot. The tender part of the hoof next the heel has the name of the *fruſh*; and the ball of the foot, the *frog*. Though ſome give the ſame denomination to both; and the fruſh or frog riſes from the middle of the foot and reaches to the heel. The *ſoal* is that horny part which covers the reſt of the bottom of the foot, and adheres to the verge of the hoof, where nails are driven when a horſe is ſhod. The ſides meeting on the heel are called the *quarters*.

The *haunches* begin at the two bones of the back part of a horſe, which encloſe the loins, and deſcend to the *ham* or *hock*, or *hough*. The *ſtifle* is the *knee-pan* of a horſe, ſeated in the middle joint of the thigh, and is outwardly that part which ſets out from the thigh towards the belly. The *thigh* or *gaſcoin* begins at the ſtifle, and reaches to the bending of the ham or hock. The *ham* or *hock* is the bending of the hind leg, and the round knob behind is called the *heel of the hock*, in which the great maſter ſinew is inſerted. The ſmall of the hind leg has the name of the *inſtep*. The paſterns and feet are diſtinguiſhed in the ſame manner as in the fore legs, and need no other deſcription. That ſide of a horſe which we approach in order to mount him, is called the *near-ſide*, and the other the *off-ſide*. Hence come the terms of *near-foot* and *off-foot*, the *near-eye* and the *off-eye*, and ſo of the reſt.

The next matter which in a progreſſive ſtate ſhould engage our attention, is the *Method of determining the Age of a Horſe*; but as that has been already explained in our firſt Volume, page 356, we ſhall only, by way of illuſtrating the ſubject ſtill further, in a future

future Number, give a plate from a drawing which we have in our poſſeſſion, deſcriptive of the *teeth of that animal*, and by which his age is generally known.

OF THE PROPERTIES OF A GOOD HORSE.

There is no man, though ever ſo well verſed in the knowledge of a horſe, that is able to diſtinguiſh all their faults at the firſt view. Some things ſtand in need of examination more than once, otherwiſe there may be very eſſential miſtakes committed.

The thighs and legs ſhould be clean, and free from every kind of blemiſh. The knees ſhould be ſtraight, not bending; the ſkin and ſhank thin; the back ſinews ſtrong, and well braced. The ſinews and the bone ſhould be evidently diſtinct, in ſuch a manner as to make the legs appear thin and lathy, not full and round. The paſtern joints ſhould be free from diſorders of all kinds, never large and round, for then they may juſtly be ſuſpected. Nor muſt there be any ſwelling near the coronet. The hocks ſhould be lean and dry, not puffed up with wind; which you may know by laying your finger upon it, for the ſwelling will readily change its place.

With regard to the *hoof*, the coronet ſhould be equally thick, the horn ſhining and greyiſh. When the horn is white, it is a ſign of a bad foot, that will wear out in a ſhort time. A thin weak foot, that is, when the horn is thin, is liable to be ſpoiled in ſhoeing, and by travelling hard on ſtony ground, by droughts in hot ſeaſons, and by too much moiſture in winter. The thinneſs of the horn will beſt appear when the ſhoe is taken off; for the verge all round the ſoal will appear thin, and the horſe will wince at the leaſt touch of the pincers. But as this is generally not permitted, you may conclude the ſame when the ſhoe-nails are driven high to take ſufficient hold. The heel and frog likewiſe are often very tender to the touch, and ſometimes one point of the heel will ſtand higher than the other.

The *ſtrong foot* has the fibres of the hoof very diſtinct, running in a ſtraight line from the coronet to the toe, like the grain of wood. Some ſuch feet will laſt very well, if care be taken to keep them moiſt and pliable; yet if they are neglected when the horſe travels much, eſpecially on ſtony grounds, or when he ſtands long in a hot dry ſtable, they will be apt to go tender and lame, when there is no apparent defect in the foot.

This happens from the foot being bruiſed by the hardneſs of the hoof.

The greateſt inconvenience attending a hard ſtrong foot, is its being ſubject to refts and fiſſures, which cleave the hoof quite through, ſometimes from the coronet down to the bottom. Theſe clefts being for the moſt part in the quarter, ſeldom admit of any other remedy, than extirpating the whole piece that lines next the heel.

A *narrow heel* is likewiſe a defect; though the feet of ſome horſes are tolerably good when their heels are narrow, unleſs the foot is hot. When the heel is not above two fingers in breadth, the foot is bad. Both the feet ſhould be of an equal ſize, and not flat or without depth. But if ſuch a foot happens to be ſtrong, the hoof ſmooth, the ſoal firm, and the frog not decayed, rotten, or fleſhy, the horſe will then

then endure the roads tolerably well. But when it is like an oyster, with many rings or wrinkles, at the same time that the soal is soft, and the frog fleshy and spongy, it is a very great fault.

The heel should neither be too high, nor too low. A high heel causes a horse to trip and stumble often, and to go unsteadily. And low-heeled horses, with very long, yielding pasterns, are very apt to have their heels worn quite away on a journey.

When the foot is too large in proportion to the rest of the body, though good in other respects, such a horse, at best, will be weak and heavy, as well as unapt for brisk vigorous actions.

The hind legs should be free from the same defects as the fore legs.

The *head* of a horse should be small, at least not too long, nor too large, rather lean than fleshy. The ears should be small, erect, thin, sprightly, and pointed. His forehead or brow should be neither too broad nor too flat, with a star or snip. His nose should rise a little, and be well turned; his nostrils wide, and then he will breathe more freely. His muzzle should be small, and his mouth should neither be too deep nor to shallow. His jaws should be thin and sufficiently wide, not approaching too near together at the throat, nor too high upwards towards the onset, that he may have sufficient room to carry his head in an easy graceful posture. The eyes should be of a middle size, bright, lively, and full of fire. The eyes are the index of the mind, and discover, in a great measure, his inclination, passions, and indispositions.

The tongue should be small, that it may not be pressed too much by the bit. The bars should be sharp ridged, and lean, and then he will be more easily governed by the bridle. It is a good sign when a horse has his mouth full of white froth; for it shews that he will not easily be overheated.

The *neck* should be arched towards the middle, rising by a beautiful gradation out of his breast and shoulders, diminishing as it approaches towards the head; the muscles should be distinct, and not too full of flesh. But this is no fault in mares, because their necks are commonly too fine and slender. The hair of the mane should be long, thin, and fine; if it be a little frizzled, so much the better.

His *shoulders* should be thin from the withers, and pretty long and well raised, with a gradual enlargement from thence downward, so as to render his bosom or breast neither too narrow nor too gross. A thick shouldered horse is not only disagreeable to the rider, but soon tires, and trips or stumbles every minute; especially if he has a thick large neck at the same time.

When the breasts of horses are so narrow, that their fore thighs almost touch, they are worth little; for they have a weak forehand, and by crossing their legs are apt to cut; likewise in gallopping they are subject to fall. A horse of a middle size should have the distance of five or six inches between his fore-thighs. And when he stands straight upon his limbs, there should be less distance between his feet than between his thighs near the shoulders.

The body or carcase should be of a middling size, in proportion to his bulk; for when it is too small, the horse is generally weak. His back should sink a little below the withers; but the other

other part ſhould never be too low, but always ſtraight, unleſs as juſt mentioned. In this caſe, the fore-hand will riſe very well.

When the back of a horſe is higher behind than before, he is apt to be pinched in his ſhoulders, is very unſightly, and generally weak. Beſides, it renders the back part ſo heavy, that they generally have an aukward gait, and move ſlowly. A horſe ſhould be home-ribbed; but the ſhort ribs ſhould not approach too near the haunches, for then he would not have room to fetch his breath. Thoſe that are open ribbed, are of a lax texture, are looſe in the flanks like a greyhound, and conſequently weak. Beſides, they are narrow over the chine, have little or no belly, are not fit for a long journey, and will carry no great weight.

When a horſe's back is very ſhort in proportion to his bulk, and yet otherwiſe well-limbed, he will hold out well enough upon a journey; but he is ſlow, and never makes a good appearance. When he is tall at the ſame time, with very long legs, he is worth little. His flanks ſhould not be hollow, but ſmooth and full: likewiſe his hind parts, or uppermoſt haunches, ſhould not be higher than his ſhoulders: and when his back is a little arched behind the ſaddle, it is a ſign of ſtrength, and a fitneſs for hunting as well as travelling.

The wind ſhould never be overlooked in the choice of a horſe. When he is broken-winded, it muſt be after he is ſeven or eight years old, and may be eaſily known by his flanks when he ſtands quiet in the ſtable; for he always pinches them in with a very ſlow motion, and then drops them ſuddenly. When he is very bad, he has a violent cough, and farts frequently, with a conſtant working of the fundament. His noſtrils likewiſe work as in a fever: and yet he has no great heat or much abatement in his appetite.

A *thick winded horſe* fetches his breath often, and ſometimes rattles and wheeſes. This may be always diſcovered by putting him to briſk exerciſe. This defect is ſometimes accidental, as when a horſe is foggy or foul fed, or is newly brought home from a rank paſture, or has had a cold that has injured his lungs. When it is natural, it may be owing to a narrow cheſt, or when he is ribbed home too cloſe.

We need ſay nothing of the *glanders* in this place, nor many other evident defects and diſeaſes becauſe none but ignorant buyers can overlook theſe, when any ſuch horſes are offered to ſale.

The *temper* of a horſe is a principal thing to be obſerved, but is not very readily known, unleſs to ſuch as are greatly accuſtomed to their tricks. However, there are ſigns by which their diſpoſitions may be pretty well diſtinguiſhed; for a *viſcious horſe* generally lays his ears cloſe to his poll, ſhews the whites of his eyes and looks ſullen and dogged. Some have a frowning look, and carry anger in their countenance, which may readily be diſcovered by thoſe who have had frequent opportunities of obſerving them. They ſeem to ſtand in a poſture of defence, holding up their heads very high, and advancing one of their hind legs forward, which they reſt on their toe: as it were, preparing to kick the perſon that comes near them. When a horſe is very vicious, he pays no regard to the groom that feeds him, nor puts on a more pleaſant countenance.

However,

However, ſome horſes that are ticklish, will lay back their ears, but they have a pleaſant look with their eyes, and catch hold of the crib. Some do the ſame from a playful diſpoſition.

A horſe that is fearful, and apt to ſtart, often endangers the rider's neck. It is a diſpoſition ſeldom vanquiſhed till he is old and uſeleſs, or haraſſed by conſtant travelling, which renders all kinds of objects familiar. But this will be no abſolute ſecurity, if any unuſual ſight ſhould appear. This temper may readily be diſcovered by his crouching, creeping, and ſtarting.

A *hot, fretful horſe,* is never able to endure any fatigue, for he is ſoon ſpent, and unfit to perform his taſk. A long journey will deprive him of his fleſh, and make him appear like a jade, only fit for the dogs. Long reſt may reſtore him, ſo as to be able to undergo another. But ſuch as theſe can be of no long duration; for they are liable to many accidents and diſeaſes. A horſe of this kind will diſcover his fretful temper as ſoon as he gets out of the ſtable, and will not leave it off till he has loſt his ſpirits.

The temper of a dull, heavy, ſluggiſh horſe is hard to be diſguiſed, whatever tricks may be made uſe of to put him in ſpirits. Some uſe ſharp ſpurs, others endeavour to rouſe him by the cracking of the whip, and others again place ſome prickly thing under his tail. But any of theſe only put him into a hurry, without concealing his natural diſpoſition, as a good judge will readily perceive. However, ſuch horſes as theſe will laſt long, and may be very uſeful for ſome ſort of work.

There are other horſes which may be called *crib-biters.* Theſe catch hold of the edge of the manger, ſuck in the air, and gulp it down till they are ſometimes ready to burſt. This vice is readily diſcovered, for he will do it openly in the ſtall. Likewiſe his fore-teeth will appear to be much worn; and if he has been long uſed to it, they will not meet in ſome places by the breadth of one's finger. Coach-horſes are much given to it, and can never be made to leave it off. Crib-biters are of little value, for they almoſt always look lean and jaded, with a ſtaring coat; they are unfit for labour, and ſubject to the gripes and other diſeaſes.

Upon the whole, it is not ſufficient that every ſingle part of a horſe, when taken to pieces, ſhould be well-formed, beautiful, and free from blemiſh, but he ſhould make a good appearance when taken altogether, and every limb ſhould have a juſt ſymmetry and proportion with regard to all the reſt. When this is the caſe, little trifling defects are of no moment, eſpecially when a horſe's motions are eaſy and graceful, and all his paces ſprightly, juſt, and regular.

The *colours of horſes* are greatly diverſified; but the chief are the *bay*, the *cheſnut*, the *brown*, the *black*, the *dappled grey*, and the *ſorrel*. As for the white, it is not an original colour, but proceeds from the grey, which turns ſooneſt to a white the lighter it is; eſpecially if it has little or no dark mixture about the joints.

A *bright bay horſe* has commonly a reddiſh daſh; his mane and tail are black, with a dark or black liſt down his back. He has a pleaſant, agreeable ſhining aſpect. A dark bay horſe has his knees and paſterns almoſt always black. And ſome ſorts are black

black from their knees and hocks downward. Thoſe that have no liſt down their backs, are generally black over their reins, which changes gradually from dark to light, towards their belly and flanks. Bays in general are accounted a good colour, unleſs they meet with any bad accidents while they are very young.

The hairs of *cheſnut coloured horſes* are, at the points, of a pale brown, the middle is dark, and the roots of a light colour. The mixture is not very diſtinct and apparent to the eye; and many have their manes and tails very near the colour of their bodies, with but little white about their legs, and commonly no mark. Whereas the hair of the ſorrel is often compoſed of ſeveral colours intermixed, wherein the fox-colour is generally predominant, with a good deal of white about their legs and paſterns. Many have a large blaze, and others are quite bald all over the face, with manes and tails of a ſandy or flaxen colour. There are different degrees of both theſe colours. Some cheſnut horſes have manes and tails as light as the ſorrel, while the hair of their bodies is of a fallow colour, ſtained with a kind of beautiful cheſnut.

The cheſnut horſe is generally preferable to the ſorrel, unleſs the former happens to be bald or party-coloured, or to have white legs. A ſorrel horſe that has much white about his limbs, is apt to be more faulty in his feet, and of a more tender conſtitution than thoſe that are of a more uniform colour.

Brown horſes are ſometimes very dark, and ſometimes more light and have almoſt always black manes and tails. Their joints are often of a ruſty black. They are almoſt all of a lighter colour towards their bellies and flanks than elſewhere; and ſome are light about their muzzles. Thoſe of this colour that are dappled are accounted much handſomer than the reſt.

Horſes of a ſhining black, that are well marked, not having too much white, are in high eſteem for their beauty. A ſtar or blaze, or white muzzle, or one or more feet tipt with white, are thought to be rather better than thoſe that are entirely black; as being generally leſs ſtubborn and of a ſweeter temper. Black horſes that are browniſh on the flanks and hips, with brown muzzles, are called *black browns*, which are generally of a good conſtitution. When their muzzles are of a lighter colour, they are ſaid to be *meally-mouthed*. Thoſe that have a white circle round their eye-lids, have their fundaments often white, and have the appellation of *pigeon-eyed*. Bays and cheſnuts are often more hardy than large black horſes of the Engliſh breed.

Of *greys*, the *dappled* are accounted the beſt. The *ſilver greys* make a beautiful appearance, and often prove good; the *iron greys* with light manes and tails, are not thought to be ſo hardy. All greys turn white in proceſs of time; but the light plain greys, and the pigeon-coloured greys, ſooner than others; and the dappled grey laſt. The *nutmeg grey* when the dappled parts incline to bay or cheſnut, are eſteemed good hardy horſes.

Roan horſes have a diverſity of colours mixt together; but the white is more predominant than the reſt. When there is a mixture of the bay or nutmeg, it renders them of an aſpect agreeable enough. Some of theſe roans look as if they were powdered;

and

and ſome as if milk was thrown on their buttocks. Some ſeem to be ſprinkled with pot lamp-black; and ſome as if their faces had been dipt in a bag of ſoot. They are generally hardy and fit for the road. Some are exceeding good.

Strawberry-coloured horſes are ſomewhat like the roan, but moſtly reſemble the ſorrel. They are often marked with white on the face and legs, but not without a mixture of the roan. When the bay is blended with it, he ſeems to be tinctured with claret, and this is looked upon as a very high colour, but is not common. Some of this ſort turn out to be good horſes.

The *dun*, the *fallow*, and the *cream-coloured horſes* have a liſt down their backs, and their manes and tails are black. The liſt of the *dun* and *lead colour* becomes lighter gradually, like the back of an eel; whence they are ſaid to be eel-backed. Dun horſes are very ſeldom choſen, and yet they may be very uſeful for country farmers. The *fallow* and the *cream-coloured horſes* are in higher eſteem, as well for beauty as uſe; eſpecially if their muzzles and joints are black, as well as their manes and tails; ſome have theſe laſt of a ſilver colour, without any abatement of their goodneſs. The fallow and the tawny duns are often ſhaded with a darker colour, or are faintly dappled, and when they are well matched, make a fine appearance as coach horſes.

Some horſes are diſtinguiſhed by a peach colour, the ſtarling, and the flea-bitten; but theſe partake of the colours already mentioned, to which they may be referred. Some again are finely ſpotted, like leopards or tygers, or deer, with gay colours, as yellow, red, &c. with black; on which account they are a great rarity, and are chiefly put into the hands of great men on that account. Others are ſo ſtrangely bedaubed with a diſagreeable variety of odd colours, that they are generally made drudges of, as being fit for nothing elſe.

The *marks* of a horſe are by ſome regarded in a ſuperſtitious manner, being ſuppoſed to be lucky or unlucky, or at leaſt to denote their good or bad qualities. But this has no foundation in experience. However, when a horſe is well marked, he is certainly more beautiful, and has more ſprightlineſs and vivacity in his aſpect.

The moſt common mark is a *ſtar*. And when the white deſcends from thence pretty broad towards the noſe, it is called a *blaze*. When there is a ſmaller line proceeds from thence in the ſame manner, it is ſaid to be a *ſnip*: and when the greateſt part of the horſe's face is covered with white; he is ſaid to be bald. A ſtar is never beautiful unleſs it be of a moderate ſize: nor is that face becoming which is all over white, deſcending to the bottom of the cheeks. A ſnip ſhould always be ſtrait, for when it is awry, it is diſagreeable. When ſtars or blazes are fringed with black hairs, as in ſome of the browns, they look pretty enough; but then their faces ſoon grow grey, which gives them an old look. But it is otherwiſe with the greys and ſorrels, who generally have their ſtars and blazes fringed with their own colour.

To be continued.

To

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

READING lately a collection of voyages and travels, by Churchill, I found the following singular mode of treatment which that noble animal the horse receives from the natives of Morocco, after they have made the pilgrimage to Mecca; as it is curious, I think it may claim a corner in your excellent Repository,

And am, Gentlemen,
Your humble servant,
CURIOSUS.

June 14, 1794.

"In Morocco," says Churchill, "the natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage to Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are called *hadgis* or *saints*, such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads, and relics, being writings wrapped up in cloth of gold, or silk, containing the names of their prophet: and when those horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony as the nearest relations of their owners. The King of Morocco has one of them, which he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered with these writings; his tail being held up by a Christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to receive the dung, and wipe the posteriors.

Singular Instances of FIDELITY *in* DOGS.

PLUTARCH, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens, in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one who followed his master across the sea of Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable.

A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the Order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog named Wild Brat, to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains), "Wild Brat was faithful." Sir William Trumbull related a story which he heard from one that was present: King Charles I. being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose, what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the greyhound; "because," said he, "it has all the good-nature of the other, without the fawning." This may be considered as a good piece of satire upon his courtiers.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE observed in several of your former Numbers, that you have given anecdotes of remarkable persons, which I very much

much approve of; for although they may not have ſignalized themſelves in the chaſe, or by any other means obtained the honourable appellation of a SPORTSMAN; yet certain traits in their character may ſerve to amuſe, if they do not tend greatly to the inſtruction of thoſe who are entitled to it. I have ſeen in page 35 of your third volume, a ſhort anecdote of that eccentric character Edward Wortley Montague, which has induced me to ſend you the following account of him. If you think it will afford entertainment to your readers, you will inſert it, and oblige an admirer and

CONSTANT READER.

May 30, 1794.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE, ESQ.

THE celebrated Edward Wortley Montague, Eſq. died ſome years ſince on his return from Venice to England. As this gentleman was remarkable for the uncommon incidents which attended his life, the cloſe of that life was no leſs marked with ſingularity. He had been early married to a woman, who aſpired to a character no higher than that of an induſtrious waſherwoman. As the marriage was ſolemnized in a frolic, Wortley never deemed her ſufficiently the wife of his boſom to cohabit with her. She was allowed a maintenance. She lived contented, and was too ſubmiſſive to be troubleſome on account of the conjugal rites. Mr. Montague, on the other hand, was a perfect patriarch in his manners. He had wives of almoſt every nation. When he was with Ali Bey in Egypt, he had his houſhold of Egyptian females; each ſtriving who ſhould be the happy ſhe; who could gain the greateſt aſcendancy over this Anglo-Eaſtern Baſhaw. At Conſtantinople, the Grecian women had charms to captivate this unſettled wanderer. In Spain, a Spaniſh brunette; in Italy, the olive-complexioned females, were ſolicited to partake the honours of the bridal bed. It may be aſked what became of this group of wives? Mr. Montague was continually ſhifting the place, and conſequently varying the ſcene. Did he travel with his wives, as the patriarchs did with their flocks and herds? No ſuch thing. Wortley conſidering his wives as bad travelling companions, generally left them behind him. It happened, however, that news reached his ears of the death of the original Mrs. Montague, the waſherwoman. Wortley had no iſſue by her, and without iſſue male, a very large eſtate would revert to the ſecond ſon of Lord Bute. Wortley, owing the family no obligations, was determined, if poſſible, to defeat their expectations. He reſolved to return to England and marry. He acquainted a friend with his intentions, and he commiſſioned that friend to advertiſe for any young decent woman, who might be in a pregnant ſtate. The advertiſement was inſerted ſhortly after in one of the morning papers. Several ladies anſwered it. One out of the number was ſelected, as being the moſt eligible object. She waited with eagerneſs for the arrival of her expected bridegroom; but, behold, whilſt he was on his journey, Death very impertinently arreſted him in his career. Thus ended the days of Edward Wortley Montague,

Montague, Esq. a man who had passed through such variegated scenes, that a bare recital of them would savour of the marvellous. From Westminster-school, where he was placed for education, he ran away three several times. He exchanged clothes with a chimney-sweeper, and he followed for some time that sooty occupation. He next joined himself to a fisherman, and cried flounders in Rotherhithe. He then sailed as a cabin-boy to Spain, where he had no sooner arrived, than he ran away from the vessel, and hired himself to a driver of mules. After thus vagabondizing it for some time, he was discovered by the consul, who returned him to his friends in England. They received him with a joy equal to that of the father of the prodigal son in the gospel. A private tutor was employed to recover those rudiments of learning which a life of dissipation, of blackguardism, and of vulgarity, might have obliterated. Wortley was sent to the West-Indies, where he remained some time, then returned to England, acting according to the dignity of his birth, was chosen a member, and served in two successive parliaments. His expences exceeded his income, he became involved in debt, quitted his native country, and commenced that wandering traveller he continued to the time of his death. Having visited most of the eastern countries, he contracted a partiality for their manners. He drank little wine; a great deal of coffee; wore a long beard, smoaked much; and even whilst at Venice, he was habited in the eastern stile. He sat cross-legged in the Turkish fashion, through choice. With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Chaldaic, and the Persian languages, he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He published several pieces. One on the "Rise and fall of the Roman Empire." Another, an exploration of "The Causes of Earthquakes." He had great natural abilities, a vast share of acquired knowledge. He had scarcely a single vice—*for he is dead*. That he had virtues to counterbalance his failings, Omniscience will discover, when weighing them in the scale of merit. Infinite mercy will take care that the beam shall preponderate in favour of his future happiness.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING a great admirer of periodical works of the description of the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, &c. &c. I am frequently killing part of that time which a good income has allotted me, in perusing those works; chance led me the other day to the paper, number 167 of the WORLD, from which I transcribe the following ingenious and well written extract. If you think as I do, you will give it a place, and oblige a constant reader of your entertaining Miscellany.

Your's, &c.

J. H.

June 4, 1794.

The GAME *of* HAPPINESS.

"Know then, ye hence happy mortals! that the game called HAPPINESS, is played with packs of cards: each pack consisting of three hundred and sixty-five different cards; the backs of which, instead of being white, are of a dusky

dusky sooty colour. Every seventh card is equivalent to a court-card, of which there are fifty-two in each pack; and upon playing properly, these court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

"It is played from one to any number of players, the game of one is the least entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a great number must naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the most desirable set, though the players may be subject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are, indeed, fond of sitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally observed, that an inattentive and slovenly manner of playing is too often the consequence. One pack of cards will last a considerable time, as may be conjectured from their sooty backs: inasmuch as the greatest players are seldom known to pay for more than three score and ten packs during the whole course of their lives.

"They that have the most tricks, win the largest division of the stake, but every* player gets something, besides the great pleasure of playing, which is thought to be superlative.

"This great GAME partakes of the excellencies of all other games: you are often piqued and repiqued, as at piquet: You are sometimes beasted as at quadrille; often checked as at chess: put back as at the game of goose; and subject to the nicks after the manner of hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the sharper is always sure to be overmatched by the fair player."

*** Not having an inclination to be troublesome to you, I forbear adding the *Directions and Rules for playing*, which, in my opinion, abound with good sense, equal to the above, and may, if you think them worth inserting, form a part of another Number.

To the EDITORS *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAD no expectation that you would have published the few hasty strictures I sent you last month, but I think in so doing you acted both impartially and judiciously; and with your permission, I intend myself the pleasure (in the course of the month) to present you with a column or two more.

The following anecdote I extracted from a letter which came by the last conveyance from Brussels, and which is at your service, if you think it worth insertion in your next Magazine.

"On the night on which Robespierre made his celebrated harangue in favour of the immortality of the soul and a future state, Jaques Aubard, student, went to a certain burying ground and smutted over the sentimental inscription which now usually adorns those mansions of the dead; substituting the following curious one its place;

"By command of Almighty Robespierre, Death is now no longer eternal sleep!

Unfortunately for the poor student (who was known to be employed by that party which has of late been formed against the dictator) he was watched and apprehended, and being delivered over to the Revolutionary Tribunal, was guillotined the next day at twelve o'clock, amidst the

accla-

acclamations of vive la liberté!—vive la republique!—vive la systêm de la nature! and the execrations of the Parisian mob, who had no idea of a crime more heinous than that of endeavouring to disturb the innocent and patriotic defunct, and deprive them of the convenient comfort of their everlasting nap—So much for the *deism* of France, so vaunted of late by Priestly, and the rest of your English democrats.

I am, Gentlemen, with the warmest wishes for the success of your useful and entertaining Miscellany,

Your obedient servant,
A GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.
Hudson's Coffee-House,
Bond Street.

APPAREL *necessary to be worn by every* ACCOMPLISHED SPORTSMAN; *recommended by* GEOFFRY GAMBADO.

WE presented our readers in page 70 of our Third Volume with an extract from *Gambado's Academy for grown Horsemen*, and intimated an intention of resuming the subject in a future Number, the very extraordinary press of matter which from that time to the present, has been crowded on us, precluded the possibility of a performance of it. And even now, we can only give Mr. Gambado's opinion of the APPAREL necessary to be worn by every *accomplished Sportsman.*

"Touching the apparel then" says this ingenious gentleman, "I will begin at top: Wear a wig, if possible, and should you be a sportsman, and hunt the *forest, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you; for should your horse prove what is properly termed too many for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family.

"The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have passed; and at the worst, to know in what part of the country to have you cried. I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable; and, in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; the inconveniencies it occasions to men of business, or rather those who are called on the road, a rider, a bagman, or bagster, are that by its being blown over his eyes, he is frequently carried a contrary way from his intended rout. A cocked hat, besides the advantages over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in windy weather, you are blinded; in rain, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cocked, will retain the water until you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding may have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect upon it, that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot.

"Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe, a single-flapped saddle is the genteelest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boots and breeches, by which mean

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* Epping.

means you will be ſatisfied that your leg is in a proper poſition."

It is to be regretted that much of the author's friendly advice as to dreſs, is wanting; but the recollection of his friend furniſhes the world with Mr. Gambado's idea, that black pluſh breeches in ſummer, were the moſt faſhionable; and that he ever recommended a coat of pompadour or ſome conſpicuous colour, for the ſame obvious reaſon that he thought a large wig of ſuch moment.

Curious PARTICULARS *of the* HORSES *of this Country in ancient Times.*

(Continued from page 72.)

TILL this period ſaddle-horſes and carts were the only method of conveyance for all ſorts of people, and the queen rode behind her maſter of the horſe, when ſhe went in ſtate to St. Paul's. This faſhion, however, prevailed only in the former part of her reign, and was totally ſuppreſſed by the appearance of coaches. Their introduction occaſioned a much larger demand for horſes than former times had wanted; and ſuch was the number of them employed in this ſervice, that at the latter end of the queen's reign, a bill was propoſed in the houſe of lords, to reſtrain the ſuperfluous and exceſſive uſe of coaches. It was rejected upon the ſecond reading. The lords, however, directed the attorney-general to peruſe the ſtatutes for the promoting the breed of horſes, and to conſider ſome proper bill in its room.

A *gret doble* trottynge horſe was a tall, broad, and well ſpread horſe, whoſe beſt pace was the trot, being too unwieldy in himſelf, or carrying too great a weight to be able to gallop. *Doble* or *double* ſignifies broad, big, ſwelled out: from the *double* of the French, who ſay of a broad-loined filletted horſe, that he has *les reins doubles*, and *double bidet*. The Latin adjective *duplex* gives the ſame meaning. Virgil, ſpeaking of the horſe, ſays, " at *duplex* agitor per lumbos ſpina." He alſo uſes, " *duplex* dorſum," and " *duplex* corona," in the ſenſe of " very broad and large." And Horace has " *duplex ficu*," the large broad fig.

A *curtal* is a horſe whoſe tail is *cut*, or ſhortened—in the French *curtaud*.

A *gambaldyinge* horſe was one of ſhew or parade, a managed horſe, from the Italian *gamba*, a leg.

An *amblynge* horſe is to well known to need explanation. The *amble*, long before this time, as well as for a long time after, was ſuch a favourite pace, and ſo much liked for its eaſe and ſmoothneſs, that almoſt all ſaddle-horſes were taught to perform it, eſpecially thoſe who were rode by the rich, the indolent, and infirm.

A NARRATIVE *of the* SUFFERINGS *of Lieut.* GEORGE SPEARING, *in a Coal Pit.*

(Concluded from page 92.)

OPPOSITE the river on which the mill ſtood, there was a bleach field. It is cuſtomary for the watchmen in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often, when I was in a ſound ſleep at the miller's I have been awakened by it in the greateſt

greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that in fact I suffered as much by imagination, as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctor's to visit me, so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but in my left foot, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed: for, the surgeon could put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming: I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six, or even twelve months, before it came to pass. In my emaciated condition, I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time; and, knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel-bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet, notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless, I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for, the moment I shut my eyes, my stump, though constantly held by the nurse, would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so very poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for 18 days and nights in one position, not daring to move, lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months since the day I fell into the pit.

Soon

Soon after, I took lodgings in the country: where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and ſtrength increaſed daily; and to this day, I bleſs God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have ſince been the happy father of nine children.

GEORGE SPEARING.

Greenwich Hoſpital,
Aug. 1, 1793.

P.S. The above narrative is a plain ſimple matter of facts, and affords a very uſeful leſſon to mankind, viz. never to give way to deſpondency, be their ſituation ever ſo deplorable: let them confidently rely on Almighty Providence, and I ſincerely wiſh, and doubt not, but their misfortunes will terminate as happily as mine.

G. S.

On the 20th of September, 1769.

ALMIGHTY God! who, on this day,
My life from death didſt ſave,
To thee I now preſume to pray,
And future bleſſings crave.

Oh! grant I ever may confeſs
Thy goodneſs ſhewn to me,
With grateful heart and tongue expreſs
The praiſe that's due to thee.

While in the dreary pit I lay
My life thou didſt ſuſtain,
And to my comfort, I may ſay,
Thou gav'ſt refreſhing rain.

In this, thy providential care,
Is to the world made known,
And teaches us to ſhun deſpair,
For thou art God alone.

Then, ſince my life thou didſt preſerve,
Oh! teach me how to live;
Let me not from thy precepts ſwerve;
This bleſſing to me give.

So will I yearly, on this day,
My grateful tribute bring,
In humble thanks to thee always,
My Saviour, God, and King.

G. S.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The BULLOCK-HUNTER.

THERE are a deſcription of men always floating on the ſurface of active life, that are capable, and not unfrequently guilty of the worſt of crimes, but who cautiouſly avoid endangering their necks, by keeping within certain bounds in the commiſſion of thoſe crimes:—For inſtance, a lawyer will rob another of his eſtate, but then he will do it by ſhew of legal means; and though he deſerves, yet by his ingenuity, and under colour of his profeſſion, will eſcape that juſt puniſhment which would await his nefarious conduct. So it is by ſwindlers and ſharpers; look but to the life of F——. alias F—— J——; that man has, for twenty years, been at the head of a gang of robbers: not the ſame men; for many have been hanged, and their places ſupplied by freſh *recruits*; yet F——n ſtill lives, and may ſtand a chance to die in his bed. But this luck does not always attend the knowing and cautious tribe. They ſometimes are caught in their own traps. Two or three inſtances of which we will mention, in order to introduce the perſon who has given occaſion to this article, namely, the *Bullock Hunter*. Warren, and another of the money-dropping ſquad, who had enticed a man with ſome property about him, to go into a public-houſe, and lay wagers with them, were both capitally convicted ſome months ago at the Old Bailey. Their defence was, "we won the money of the gentleman." The proſecutor, however, proved that they forcibly took it from him, and which conſtituted what they did not apprehend, a *capital felony*.

Another

Another artful character has likewise passed the rubicon, viz. Old Innis, who expiated his crimes by being publicly executed before the debtor's door of Newgate, on the 11th of the present month. This man, by making an insurance at the Equitable Society's Office, in Bridge-street, and procuring a forged will to furnish him with credentials to demand the pretended forfeiture on a life insured, had nearly carried his point; for on the trial of an action which he brought against the society to recover the insurance, he had witnesses ready to swear to his purpose; unluckily, however, for him, one of them faultered, and disclosed the whole scene of villainy. The *respectable* plaintiff then in court, was ordered by Lord Kenyon, to be taken to Newgate. Some efforts were made by two of his relations to save his life on the trial, at the Old Bailey, which availed nothing to him; and to them little short of conviction for the perjury. To shew that a man may sometimes get his deserts without previously dreaming of such a consequence befalling him, we shall here add the particulars of the case of Richard Goodwin, the bullock-hunter, tried at the old Bailey, on Wednesday the 4th of June, for stealing and driving away a bullock value 7lb. the property of Mr. Edmund Fearnley. The circumstances which came out on the trial were these:

Fearnley, the prosecutor, who lives at Bell Bar, Hertfordshire, sent ten bullocks by his drover to Smithfield-market; on their way thither, the prisoner, with some other persons, met them, and singling out one with a bald face, drove him from the rest; the drover pursued, and meeting a patrole, by his assistance the bullock was restored to the other nine; but they had not proceeded far before the prisoner came again, and selected out the same bullock; the drover followed, but was beset by such a number of people with sticks, that he was obliged to take shelter in Old-street Turnpike-house. In about four hours after, they were told were the bullock was, and from that information he was recovered.

The defence set up by the prisoner's counsel was, an attempt to get rid of the greater crime by the admission of a lesser; the fact of driving away the bullock was not denied, but then it was contended it was not done with an intent to *steal*, but merely for what is called *bullock-hunting*; the jury, however, after being out of court a quarter of an hour, brought in their verdict—*Guilty*.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

CRIM. CON.

LORD CADOGAN *v.* COOPER.

THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

THIS was an action commenced by Lord Cadogan against the Reverend Mr. Cooper, to recover a compensation in damages for a criminal intercourse with Lady Cadogan, the wife of his lordship.

Mr. Erskine, leading counsel for the plaintiff, opened the case with his usual ability. He said, that the plaintiff was a nobleman of most estimable qualities, and for many years had been the kind friend

friend and patron of the defendant, who had conſtantly acceſs to his houſe, and an apartment provided for his accommodation. Lady Cadogan was the daughter of very honourable parents, and maintained an irreproachable character up to the period at which the criminal intercourſe was diſcovered. She had been married to his lordſhip about eighteen years, and the fruits of their marriage were ſeven children, the eldeſt of which was a daughter ſixteen years of age. The age of Lady Cadogan was about forty-nine. She had lived upon terms of the greateſt felicity with the plaintiff, who had always conducted himſelf towards her with the utmoſt tenderneſs and affection.

The defendant was a clergyman, and the eldeſt ſon of Sir Grey Cooper. He was about thirty years of age, and married to a young, beautiful, and accompliſhed lady, who had produced him four pledges of their mutual affection. The crime imputed to the defendant was aggravated by ſeveral circumſtances, inaſmuch as it was committed in breach of the laws of hoſpitality, confidence, and friendſhip. The evidence in ſupport of the criminal intercourſe would not reſt upon any poſitive proofs, but upon ſeveral circumſtances, which, taken together, muſt afford an irreſiſtible concluſion, that the defendant had been guilty of a criminal connection with Lady Cadogan. This was equal to poſitive proof.

The marriage between the plaintiff and his lady was then proved. It was alſo proved that they had lived together upon terms of the greateſt conjugal felicity, and that Lord Cadogan kept a houſe governed in general with great regularity, order, and decorum, and that his Lordſhip was a very tender and affectionate huſband. The defendant was conſidered as an intimate friend of his lordſhip, and at the time the adultrous connection took place, lived in his houſe.

The witneſſes examined to prove the criminal intercourſe, were domeſtic ſervants of the plaintiff. They ſtated many circumſtances, the principal of which were, that in the months of May and June laſt, the defendant, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, went into the bed-room of Lady Cadogan, dreſſed only in his bed-gown and ſlippers; the bed appeared in a condition to induce the witneſſes to believe that the defendant had committed adultery with her ladyſhip. Upon croſs-examination, the witneſſes ſaid, that the defendant was ſo intimate with the family, as frequently to be permitted to viſit Lady C. in her bed-room while ſhe was ill, in the preſence of the plaintiff; and that he had alſo ſometimes acceſs to her when ſhe was attired in her bathing dreſs, and even when ſhe was at the cold-bath, and in the water.

Mr. Law made a very able ſpeech for the defendant, but called no witneſſes.

Lord Kenyon delivered an excellent addreſs to the jury upon the whole of the caſe, which he conſidered to be of the greateſt importance to the parties, and to the laws of virtue and morality. His lordſhip ſaid, it has been his misfortune to try a great number of cauſes for criminal converſation; and in all of them he had laid it down as a principle of law, that pregnant circumſtances connected together, and affording to a rational mind an irreſiſtible

ible inference of a criminal intercourse between the parties, was of equal force with positive testimony. His lordship then commented upon all the circumstances given in evidence, and said, if the jury thought the charge was brought home to the defendant, his crime was of a most aggravated nature. He had not only robbed the noble plaintiff of his peace of mind, dishonoured his wife, and withdrawn his attention and affection from his children, but disgraced the clerical profession, and violated the laws of hospitality and friendship.

The jury withdrew for a short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages Two Thousand Pounds.

On PLAY *and* LUCK.

WE are told by a modern author, that "the principal allurement to play arises from the pride of believing that we are under the immediate influence of some superior being."

From the context of this passage, it was to be imagined that the author had nothing in his mind but the ordinary and common sport of chance; and, as my fate leads me at times to this kind of fruitless employment, I conceived it to be well worth my pains to pursue the enquiry, that perhaps I might occasionally obtain a moral use from what so seldom yields me any other.

Now fortune, or luck, is in general a phœnomenon, the ground and essence whereof is to a great degree inexplicable. We know it, for the most part only, from its effects, and can give no certain account either of its nature, or of its mode of action and the always increasing or diminishing greatness of it. In most cases we are used to call in the aid of an invisible influence; and, if we can but shift the cause into the hand of heaven, or of an invisible agent, our ignorance is relieved, and we give ourselves no farther trouble about the matter. It would be acting better, and more philosophically, if we successively recounted to ourselves the causes of things, how one follows upon another; and if at length we should cease to meet them in circles, then let us hang them, in God's name, any where, or no where, in heaven or in hell.

By this way of proceeding, we should always come to some certainty; and we should, at least, find whether this or that matter tended, and from which side we were to derive our destiny.

Now, as to what relates in particular to games of hazard, namely, to that part of our fortune which we seek in cards, dice, and the like, we must take natural things into the account; as for instance, the structure, and the mechanical constitution of our hand, as having, doubtless, a great influence thereon. On these very often act the impulsion of our nerves, and the circulation of the blood: and these, again, are set in motion by our humour and inward temper; so that we at last no longer know to which of the various circumstances we owe the freaks of fortune, or the obstinacy of fate; and whether a word quite foreign to the game, some look, or unexpected appearance, may not have given rise to the ravages committed in an evening on the tablets of our fortune.

In general, however, fortune seems mostly to affect a serene

and ſmiling atmoſphere, and a tranquil movement. And when, at any time, it has been too impetuouſly raiſed in billows, we ſoon find that its retroceſſion has as quickly and ſuddenly followed. This fondneſs of fortune for eaſe and repoſe, ſeems ſo far to have the aſcendant, that it even chuſes rather to ſettle in the loweſt places, and tends, as it were, only to the ſmootheſt bottoms, by the laws of gravity, that it may there ſpread out its ſhining mirror, like the ſurface of a pellucid pool.

The nobler games of antiquity, together with other objects conformable with their conſtitution, had principally in view to perfectionate the form and the agility of the body. Since theſe manly games have been diffuſed, this perfectionating of the body is no longer a requiſite, at leaſt, to the generality of mankind. If we procure to ourſelves as much motion as is neceſſary to the digeſtion of our food, the bodily duties are fulfilled; the reſt belongs to quite another concern of life, which is wonderfully modified by the various paſſions and wants of the individual. In general, however, the indolence of our body is a greater gainer thereby, and we rather love to be active by the mind, than by facts and labour. To this play is extremely adapted. It is continually entertaining the mind with new taſks and conſiderations, and amid the uſual languor and unconcernedneſs of life, the wants requiſite hereto are conſtantly excited. We feel ourſelves obliged to endeavour at interrupting the uniform current of time; and in what manner can this better be done, than in bringing the torpid paſſions into movement, by a play that but ſeldom, in company, degenerates into rudeneſs. At the ſame time, all the other paſſions are ſoftened down, or at leaſt reſtrained, and purſue their attenuated courſe. Intereſt of mind muſt ſomewhere be found, and where that is not fully to be attained, it is, at all events, ſupplied by an exertion, by a fleeting ſemblance of intereſt: and the mind is thus beguiled.

To this end, play is an excellent invention. In figures and images, eaſily ſurveyed, and ſtrikingly legible, it knits and unties knots, which every moment are motived by the impelling power of intereſt, by artifice and ſkill, by accident, by conſideration or negligence. The motley ſpirit of theſe figures give riſe to various reflections, and may ſeem, in ſome meaſure, to ſatisfy us concerning the great game of the world, where the knave is at times of more conſequence than the king, and the ace is victorious over both. Thus it is now become indiſpenſably neceſſary to our politer companies, which, but for this ſuccedaneum for converſation, would generally grow very tireſome, and frequently ſomewhat diſguſting.

He ſeems to be abandoned by fortune, who, in theſe circumſtances, ſeeks in play for more than is to be ſought for in it; who expects at a card-table the interpoſition of heaven. That, from the fooliſhneſs of men, a thoughtleſs game may become the arbiter of their fate, is a caſe by no means rare. But he that ſeeks his fortune on the tight rope of chance, ought not to be ſurpriſed, if he falls and breaks his neck.

To have a reverence for fortune, is natural to all men. Man, in the propereſt meaning of the term, is the child of fortune. His

His existence is diversified, and the operations of a marvellous energy lies darkly before him. Within us, and without us, are streamlets of fortune. They frequently flow in various directions; but when two of them operate together, they produce the splendid appearance of a being adorned with all the decorations of existence. Haughty and imperious is the course it pursues; it convinces, in an imposing way, and his most insignificant habits turn to his advantage; nature seems submissive to him, and only madness can venture to stem the impetuous current of success. But short and transient is this appearance. Even with the most prosperous of men, it has hardly continued for more than a moment. A more moderate lot confines the children of the earth to the benefit of their existence, and to teach them the use of their powers. To climb, and to fall, is the sentence of all things. The measure by which they are, or are to be accounted, is the time of their increasing and decreasing state. The breath of fortune occasions the child to be conceived. It is brought into the world; it is nourished through tender infancy by the breath of fortune. By it the stripling blooms; the man expands; but age presses on, and in advanced years, only sparingly is here and there perceptible of a cold and feeble influence of its inspiration.

Thus it fares with the existence of mankind. They are only missed by fortune, and decline as its pinions become feeble. It often shews itself in surprising and contrary appearances. On what inconceivably thin-spun threads often runs a mighty series of events! It breaks through walls of more than adamantine strength, forces into brazen vaults, for obtaining a very trifling end; it glides along the branching tubes of a hair, and overturns mighty palaces.

In like manner it sometimes creates a wonderful silent destiny in tribes and nations, as well as in private persons and particular families. It labours likewise at quenching the rising sparks of every advantage, and extinguishing the dawn of life in pestilential vapour. In vain are then all the talents conferred by nature, fruitless the efforts to cast off the covering of darkness. They lie for years and ages entire, unless a vivyfying breath of fortune calls them to a new life and vigour.

Others again sparkle in a blaze, that least of all befits them. Scarcely is a trace of their merit to be found in any departed writing. They enjoy, however, the benefit of the sun which so favourably enlightened them; even the smallest gleam mounts upwards in them; and they set no bounds to their merits but what their vanity prescribes.

In the mean time, their betters stand in obscurity before their splendour; and their envious light permits no ray to pierce the surrounding gloom. Thus reign almighty time, and fate and fortune, and shed in but too large proportions, light and darkness over mortals.

Yet one kind of fortune attends during the progress of life, on every employment, on the execution of every project. To this I might give the name of mixed fortune; for nothing can eminently thrive, where the sure impulse from within, and the favourable inspiration from without do not concur; and that with equal ability. Here the understanding

derſtanding and fortune are in equipoiſe. Is one of them wanting; then the other will but ſeldom ſucceed. But without ſome reciprocal help, they both are dead. Underſtanding itſelf is ſometimes fortune, as well as virtue; and both frequently climb to the ſummit of their ſlippery ſphere. Does the genius of fortue frown, they fall backwards; their bloom and pleaſure are fled, and each good talent is gone, and every joyful expectation evaporated in a gleamleſs night.

One moment of fortune often effaces the injuries of years long paſt; one moment ſnatches the banner from the pinnacle of pomp, and leaves nought to be ſeen but a heap of dead embers. Hence fortune requires to be conſtantly tended, ſilently expected, and preſerved with prudent caution. A rude and refractory behaviour ſcares it away, levity and tender weakneſſes let it eſcape; moderation in acting fixes and confirms it, and it grows under her foſtering wings to the faireſt maturity.

That wiſe and great men of all ages have had a particular eſteem for fortune, needs no demonſtration. The wiſeſt of the Roman emperors kept its image in gold in their private apartments, or carried it about them. They never ſent it to their ſucceſſor till they were near expiring; and then it was accompanied with this declaration: That in the whole courſe of their atchievements they were more indebted to fortune than to any ſkill or dexterity of their own. They who had reached the higheſt pinnacle of ſucceſs, did homage to fortune, and thus evaded the odium of ſelf-conceit.

In the odes of Pindar (the wiſeſt of all the poets), we are every where meeting with noble maxims that teſtify the profound reverence this poet had for fortune. In his lofty mind, he underſtood how to apportion its proper claims, and to determine how far it is able to reach:

> He whom flouriſhing fortune attends,
> And is rich in goods,
> And adds renown to theſe,
> Let him not ſtrive to become a god.

But fortune has been moſt eſteemed by the eaſtern nations. They regarded it as an effloreſcence of virtue, and placed it in connexion with every ſentiment of magnanimity, of valour, of beneficence, and of mental elevation. All the excellent qualities of the ſoul appear to them but as the bloſſoms of fortune.

"Hatem," ſays an Arabian poet, "was magnanimous, valiant, a lofty poet, and always victorious. Did he give battle to his foes, he was crowned with conqueſt. Did he hunt after prey, it never eſcaped him. Did any man aſk of him a favour, he never put him off. Did he enter the courſe for obtaining the prize, he aſſuredly bore it away, &c."

The ACCOMPLISHED SPORTSWOMAN.

IN the ſports of the field, it has been the province of man more particularly to have ſignalized himſelf; and, of courſe, his exploits have been the object of our more immediate attention. But that we may not incur the cenſure of the fair inhabitants of this iſle, in having for ſuch a length of time paſſed unnoticed the many inſtances of their heroiſm in the chaſe, we beg leave to preſent them with the elegant engraving annexed, which is

Cook sulp.

The Accomplished Sportswoman.

Published July 1st 1794, by J. Wheble, Warwick square.

is ſtrikingly deſcriptive of a lady of rank and fortune, leaping over a five barred gate in the neighbourhood of Windſor, and who may be frequently ſeen with his majeſty's hounds during the hunting ſeaſon. It is not improbable, but that in a future Number we may give ſome anecdotes of this perſonage, which we truſt, will be equally acceptable to our readers, as they are honourable to herſelf.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

June 10.

YESTERDAY evening was performed, for the firſt time, the ſo long talked of dramatic romance of *Lodoiſka*, being a free tranſlation, by Mr. Kemble, of the celebrated French Piece of that name.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

POLANDERS.

Prince Lupauſki	Mr. Aikin
Count Floreſki	Mr. Kelly
Baron Lovinſki	Mr. Palmer
Varbel	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Adolphus	Mr. Caulfield
Guſtavus	Mr. Trueman
Sebaſtian	Mr. Fairbrother
Michael	Mr. Bland
Caſimir	Mr. Benſon
Staniſlaus	Mr. Webb
1 Page	Maſter Welſh
2 Page	Maſter Gregſon
Princeſs Lodoiſka	Mrs. Crouch

Guards and Attendants.

TARTARS.

Kera-Khan	Mr. Barrymore
Ithorak	Mr. Dignum
Khor	Mr. Sedgwick
Japhis	Mr. Banniſter
Kajah	Mr. C. Kemble
Tamuri	Mr. Banks
[illegible]mazin	Mr. Boimaiſon

Captives, Horde, &c. &c.

Scene, Poland.

Lodoiſka had been betrothed, with Prince Lupauſki's approbation, to the Count Floreſki; but the lover having oppoſed the Prince at an election of a King, he withdraws his conſent to their marriage, and conceals his daughter from the Count, who, whilſt in ſearch of her with his faithful ſervant Varbel, encounters Kera-Khan and his Tartars in a foreſt, preparing to attack the Baron Lovinſki's caſtle: an engagement enſues, when Floreſki having vanquiſhed Kera-Khan, gives him his life; in return for his generoſity, the Tartar promiſes his everlaſting friendſhip, and for the preſent leads away his horde. Floreſki diſcovers that Lodoiſka is confined by the Baron, to whom ſhe had been entruſted by her father, in a tower of the caſtle; he and Varbel gain admittance as meſſengers from Lupauſki; but the prince himſelf arriving, the impoſtor is diſcovered. Lodoiſka, fondly attached to Floreſki, informs her father how barbarouſly ſhe has been treated by Lovinſki, who determined not to loſe her, orders the Prince, Lodoiſka, Floreſki, and Varbel to be inſtantly ſeized. The Baron, reſolved to get rid of his rival, is giving directions for his execution, when Kera-Khan, with the horde of Tartars, ſtorms the caſtle, and reſcues them; the lovers are united, and the piece concludes.

Expectation had been much raiſed reſpecting this piece, and never, we believe, has it been more amply gratified. To ſentiments the moſt elegant, and the neateſt dialogue, is added muſic, in point of compoſition, probably never ſurpaſſed: the choruſſes in particular, where the Tartars, at the inſtance of Kera-Khan, ſwear eternal friendſhip with Count

Count Floreſki, was beyond any thing in its effect that we have ever heard; and we muſt, in juſtice to the chorus-ſingers, ſay, that this effect was not a little heightened by their acting as well as ſinging, the ideas which they were to convey—a praiſe which we cannot at all times beſtow on them.

The ſcenery was, beyond deſcription, beautiful; and the decorations, unprecedently magnificent and appropriate.

We have not room to particularize the merits of each performer. All we can, therefore, at preſent ſay, is that we never ſaw any of them to greater advantage; and it muſt be highly gratifying to Mr. Kemble's feelings as manager, that we are enabled to add, that there was not one of them who did not appear as much intereſted as if the piece had been his own.

*** *For the moſt approved Songs in this Piece, ſee our Poetical Department.*

Pedigree and Performances of Old England.

HE was bred by the Earl of Godolphin, and foaled in 1741. He was got by his lordſhip's Arabian, out of the Hartley little mare, by Bartlett's Childers, gr. (Fly Whig) by William's Arabian at Woodſtock, Sir Victor's Barb, Grey Whynot, ſon of the Fenwick Barb. Old England won two King's Plates, 70gs at Burford, and ſix fifties. He afterwards was a ſtallion in Mr. Leedes's ſtud, and was ſire of Amaranthus, Foundling, Syren, Lothario, Britannicus, Mr. Goodricke's famous mare, the dam of Trinculo, Ranſom, Guyler, Gaudy, Imperatrix, Didapper, Rival, Foreſter, Manillare, grandam of Ambidexter, Dexter, Miſs Judy, Hydaſpes, Adonis, Drowſy, Hornet, &c. a grandam of Bacchus, Prior, &c. &c.

Pedigree and Performances of Walnut.

WALNUT was bred by Ld A. Hamilton, and foaled in 1786. He was got by Highflyer, out of Maiden, by Match-'em, Squirt, Mogul, Bay Bolton, Pulleine's Cheſnut Arabian, Rockwood, Buſtler. Maiden was own ſiſter to Pumpkin, Conundrum, Ranthos, Enigma, Riddle, Miſs Timms, Purity, and the dam of Prince Ferdinand, and the dam of Challenger, Otho, Matron, Leveret, Young Maiden, &c. &c.

In 1789, Walnut, the firſt time of ſtarting, run a ſweepſtakes of 220gs for 3 yr olds at Richmond, beating Enchanter, Zanga, and another: 4 to 1 againſt Walnut. The October Meeting at New Malton, he won a ſweepſtakes of 160gs for 3 yr olds, beating Pewett, Tamerlane, Oſtrich, and another; 6 to 4 on Walnut.

In 1790, he won a ſweepſtakes of 175 gs, at York Auguſt Meeting, beating Pewett, Harold, and another: 3 to 1 on Walnut. The ſame week he won the great Subſcription of 295l. for 4 yr olds, beating Teleſcope, Enchanter, Tickle Toby, Toby, and Camilla: 7 to 4 on Walnut. At Doncaſter he walked over for a ſubſcription of 80gs, and next day won at three 2-mile heats, a purſe of 100l. for 3 and 4 yr olds, beating Harold and Teleſcope, 4 to 1 on Walnut.

In

In 1791, at the York August Meeting, he won the great subscription of 295l. for 5 yr olds, beating Creeper and Telescope: 3 to 1 on Walnut. At Doncaster he won a sweepstakes of 80gs. beating Gustavus and Pewett: 5 to 1 on Walnut. He never started after, and was never beat but once, which was by Tickle-Toby, for the great Subscription at York, the day after he beat Creeper: the odds were 4 to 1 against Tickle-Toby. He is now a stallion at Ainderby Steeple, Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

PEDIGREE *and* PERFORMANCES *of* SPADILLE.

SPADILLE was bred by Lord A. Hamilton, and foaled in 1784. He was got by Highflyer, out of Flora, by Squirrel, Snap, Regulus, Bartlett's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, out of the dam of the two True Blues. In 1787, Spadille, first time of starting, won the St. Leger Stakes of 225gs. for 3 yr olds, at Doncaster, beating Edmund, Grafton, No, No, and two others. In October Meeting, at New Malton, he won a sweepstakes of 220gs. for 3 yr olds, beating Dr. Nim: 5 to 1 on Spadille. In 1788, at two heats, he won 50l. for 3 and 4 yr olds, at Alnwick, beating 2 others, 6 to 4 on Spadille. At Doncaster, Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Spadille, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Baker's ch. c. Cavendish, 8st. 7lb. 4 miles, 300gs. 6 to 4 on Spadille. At the same meeting he won at three 2-mile heats, 100l. for 3 and 4 yr olds, beating Bustler, Edmund, Mentor, and Thistle; at Starting, 3 to 1, after the first heat, 5 to 1 on Bustler, after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Spadille. In 1789, at York August Meeting, he won the great subscription of 301l. 5s. for 5 yr olds, beating Cavendish, Pegasus, and Augustus: 3 to 1 agst Spadille, and 6 to 4 he beat Cavendish. In 1790, he never started. In 1791, at York August Meeting, he won a sweepstakes of 175gs. for all ages. beating Gustavus, Fox, and Traveller: 5 to 1 on Spadille. He only started once after, at Doncaster, where he was beat by a ch. c. of Mr. Hutchinson's, after a very hard heat: 5 to 4 on Spadille, and 5 to 2 agst the colt. He is now a stallion, and covers at the same place as Walnut, at 5gs. each mare, and 5s. the groom.

A WHIMSICAL COMPLIMENT.

EARLY in the month of April, a report was so current of an intended dissolution of parliament, that John Horne Tooke actually renewed his canvas as a candidate to represent the city of Westminster in parliament. In his progress he made application to a housekeeper who did not dislike his principles, though he had no great regard for his person, and received the following answer: "Citizen! I have too much *republican veracity* not to confess that I by no means like you; but still you shall certainly have my vote, as you are the man of all others whom I wish, for *one particular reason*, to have a seat in the House of Commons." "May I beg (said Tooke) to know what that particular reason may be?"—"Because, (replied the other) I never knew you to get into any company which *you did not contrive to knock up*."

THE FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE Poet Laureat having this year alluded to the birth-day of our gracious sovereign in the two last lines of his ode only, reminds us of a certain divine, who preached at St. Mary's Cambridge, not many Christmas-days since, and who forgetting the occasion, it is presumed, till he had mounted the rostrum, concluded his moral essay with "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, *who was born on this day*, &c."

A Bishop's Epitaph, from a Tomb-stone in the Isle of Man.

"In this house, which I have borrowed of my brethren, the worms, lie I, Samuel, by divine permission, late bishop of this island, in hopes of the resurrection to eternal life. Reader, stop, view the lord bishop's palace—and smile."

A man who is skilful in the cure of *scabby and scald heads*, gives us, by public advertisement, his address at an *eating-house*.

A late Ipswich Journal mentions as a fact, that, in honour of the king's birth-day, a person of that own had a *sound tooth* drawn, and that *another* would have followed his example but for the interference of his wife.

ORIGINAL PUFF.

A gentleman of the first order of the comb, in the metropolis, gives the following very *pleasing* information to the fashionable world: "He is happy to inform the nobility and gentry, that, during the campaign in Flanders, he regularly imports from the seat of war, a choice assortment of human hair (English, Austrian, and French) which, for length and beauty, he begs leave to recommend to the notice of the ladies; and from the large importations of late, he can undertake to sell 20 per cent. less than has been known for several years past."

An open note was sent lately to a fishmonger, near Smithfield, informing him, that by the next conveyance his friend would send him some excellent *pike*, which must be used immediately. A neighbour, who saw the note lie open, gave information at one of the public offices, that the fisher-man

man was a confounded Jacobin, and was in the course of the week, to receive ten thousand pikes from Birmingham! His shop on the next day was filled with officers; the long expected parcel at length arrived; when lo! it presented half a dozen of excellent *pike*, two of which the alderman purchased for his dinner.

Piovano Arlotto, an Italian ecclesiastic of facetious memory, passing through Naples, went to pay his respects to Alphonso, the reigning Monarch. The king being informed by one of his courtiers, that Piovano was a man of wit and pleasantry, and that he kept a book in which he sat down all the faults committed by the principal men of the age, said to him, "Signor Piovano, is not my name in your book?"—"I will see," replied Piovano, and the king having ordered the book to be fetched, he opened it and read, "Fault committed by Alphonso king of Naples, in having given twelve thousand florins of gold to a German who was at his court, for the purpose of buying some German horses for him."——"Why is that a fault?" said the king—"because" replied Piovano, "the man will keep your money, and never return."—"But suppose" said the king, "he should bring me my horses, or restore my money?" "Then" replied Piovano, "I will scratch out your Majesty's name, and put his in its place."

The Abbé Beaufremont, of Scey-sur-Saone, in France, although always followed by numerous servants, stately horses, and brilliant carriages, loved, in his odd way, to steal often from the lustre which attended him. One day, in a journey towards Lorraine, dressed almost like a country curate, with his cassock trussed up, coarse worsted stockings, and thick shoes, with a large staff in his hand, he had got two or three hours journey before his attendants. He arrives at an inn, enters a kitchen, where his appearance occasioned no great sensation. In an upper room, four officers, petit-maitres, belonging to the regiment Du Roi, were prattling to the servant maids, in waiting for their dinner, which occupied, and almost distracted the landlady. The Abbé Beaufremont inquires if there be any one in the inn, with whom he may dine. The landlady, looking at him over her shoulder, answers, that there are only four gentlemen in the house; but if he will wait a little some carriers were expected, with whom he may sit at table. Beaufremont, who saw an adventure in his stile, desires a maid to request permission from the officers to admit him to their mess. The maid goes up, describes the personage; the officers, wishing to divert themselves at the expence of so odd an inmate, consent. Beaufremont appears, is taken for a country curate, or a village schoolmaster; and is received with epigrams and false compliments. The malicious Abbé prolongs the mistake by an assumed simplicity. They sit down to table, the worst pieces are put on his plate; his niece is spoken of; he is rallied on his connection with his servant maid: in short, he is treated with every impertinence in which such fops abound. His patience, and the wine, encrease their petulance. The desert comes in. The Abbé's nose was a little too long, and receives many a fillip. At length he hears a noise in the yard: his

equipage has arrived. He steps down on some pretext, and returns with three pair of lacqueys, each armed with a cudgel. Treat these gentlemen with a dance in reward for the fillips given to my nose. Our petit maitres exclaim warmly, but are completely well cudgelled: and the execution being over, the Abbé says to them laughing, step down gentlemen, and pay your reckoning: and you may boast to your friends that you have dined with the Abbé Beaufremont.

A reverend gentleman, Dr. Hugh Thomas, master of Christ's College, Cambridge, died a few years ago, possessed of the following *good things* of this world:—He was at once a Dean, a Master of a College, an Archdeacon of one Diocese, a Chancellor of another, and a Treasurer of the third; he had four prebendal Stalls in different churches, two Rectories in Yorkshire, and a Sinecure in Wales!—Though some people might have thought this reverend gentleman little better than an *ecclesiastical cormorant*, in having swallowed so many churches, yet others may think it a mark of *extensive godliness* and *charity* in *one single shepherd* taking under his *christian care* such a multitude of *sheep*.

Seriously speaking——how the practice of piety can be promoted by giving one man twelve livings to *boil his pot*, whilst eleven others have barely a *pot to boil*, reason and candour will best judge.—In this respect the church is not unlike a child in the rickets—its chief sustenance goes to enlarge the *head*!

MATRIMONIAL ACCIDENT.

The tea-tables of Edinburgh are at present much enlivened by an uncommon instance of politeness in a Scotch Baronet of considerable fortune, who, to gratify the curiosity of an English friend, who had never seen the ceremony of marriage, according to the form of the Kirk of Scotland, actually agreed, "when hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," to perform the part of the bridegroom. A lady was soon found, who had no objection to perform the part of the bride, and an accommodating parson being sent for, the whimsical couple were in a few minutes tacked together in the matrimonial bond. Next morning the Baronet expressed a hope, that it would be considered as a *frolic*, but it seems the lady resolutely claimed him as her *lawful* husband!

The forlorn Benedict immediately took a post-chaise, and set out for London, leaving his love to "sigh alone, and think on what was past!" in which she no doubt very sympathetically participates.

A Bailiff *out-witted.*

WHENEVER we have to relate the calamities of any of that valuable and *amiable* class of men called *bailiffs* and *sheriffs officers*, we feel the necessity of apologizing to our sporting friends. We are sorry to excite the sighs of *sympathy*, or the tears of *tenderness*, but still we must proceed:—Fidelity demands the record.

Captain L——n, a gentleman whose name is no stranger to our Calendar, is now raising a company of soldiers for his majesty's service, and has his rendezvous at a house in Covent-garden. He was, some time since making merry

merry with his recruits, when one ———, a sheriffs' officer in that neighbourhood, thought proper to join the party, and whispered the captain that he had a writ against him. The circumstance was provoking enough, but the officer suppressed his indignation for the moment, and knowing the *trim* of his visitor, gave him to understand that a *civility douceur* should be paid for not enforcing the writ at that time. The captain then addressed him in the presence of his men, saying, "You are a well-looking fellow, and fit to serve his Majesty: a soldier's occupation is honourable—that of a bailiff is degrading: if you will adopt the one and forego the other, here is a guinea for you, and you shall be enlisted in my company." The bailiff admiring the delicacy with which the *civility* money was, as he thought, conveyed, cheerfully accepted the proposal, and pocketed the guinea.

In a day or two after, the bailiff called again, either to enforce the writ, or lay the captain under fresh contributions. His reception was so hospitable, that the captain refused to part with his valuable recruit, who is now at *Chatham* barracks, receiving an education which may qualify him for nobler employment in *Flanders!*

Old Nick.

CONFORMABLY to the title as well as plan of our Miscellany, it may justly be imagined that sporting characters of every description should fall occasionally under our review. The gentlemen who sports amongst his associates the title of Old Nick, is not unworthy of our notice. It will readily appear that he deserves the praise of industry, though his labours have not been so well rewarded as those of more fortunate adventurers, who may have as much of the *devil* about them, though less of his address. With talents never questioned for *rowing in the boat*, our hero has not the vanity of rolling in his carriage. In fact, he has every appearance of being rather in a *hard run* situation, though the variety of his occupations would seem to promise a more ample reward for such industry and talents. A bushy wig, grave demeanor, puritanical countenance, and volubility of language are qualifications of which *Old Nick* does not neglect to avail himself, and therefore he is frequently to be found in Moorfields, and other outskirts of the capital, where he is in the greatest vogue as a *methodistical preacher*, and surrounded by admirers, on whom he levies contributions.

Purified, no doubt, by the religious exercises of the morning he passes the remaining part of the day in dropping into public-houses; when, if any are disposed to play at cards, dice, head or tail, odd or even, chalking numbers, or any other rational amusement of this kind, he is sure to find his account by making one of the party.

Billiard-tables, *skittle-grounds*, *bowling-greens*, &c. give diversity to his lounges; but his principal revenue is drawn from a *hazard table*, of which he has long been the proprietor; and where, if a *stranger* makes his appearance, he is sure to be treated with such *hospitality* as it would be ingratitude not to remember.

It would be doing great injustice to the character of *Old Nick*, to suppose that the harvest of a lottery

lottery could escape the sickle of his genius.

"Oft did that harvest to his sickle yield"

Having a partnership in a number of insurance-offices, he takes a very extraordinary, but successful method of bringing "grist to his mill." Before the commencement of the drawing of every lottery, he distributes hand-bills through the town, announcing the residence of a learned conjuror in Westminster: who, besides telling fortunes, will also foretel the numbers to be drawn each day during the lottery. Half-a-crown every consultation. By this means he draws in an incredible number of *flats*, before whom the *natty* sage appears with cap of knowledge, gown, beard, wand, and all the paraphernalia of a profound astrologer. The applicant being admitted after depositing the preliminary requisites, the conjuror has sometimes the boldness to mention one, two, or three numbers, all which are to be drawn within three days, at farthest, but probably all on the next day. In general, however, he proceeds upon a more *Delphic*, equivocal plan. He demands the ages of the enquirers, and the times of their births: upon hearing which, he immediately calculates their nativity. He then desires them to insure such a number, multiplied by whatever figure first presents itself to him. As the chances are, perhaps, more than a hundred to one against the insurer, it is no wonder that he in most cases miscarries. On depositing a second half-crown, he has an opportunity of representing his disappointment to the wise man, who gravely attributes it to some minute inaccuracy in the account given of the time of his nativity. In the way of consolation, he then gives him another chance of ruining himself completely. "Go, (says the *wizard)* into such a street, at such an hour in the evening, and take the number of the first coach which you see pass and insure it, but take care that it be at the first office you come to in that street." The reader will easily understand that in this same street, the sage has himself two or three offices, by which he reaps in a double way, the profits of credulity. The cause of failure is afterwards readily accounted for. The office at which the insurance was made, turns out not to be *exactly the nearest* to the spot where the number of the coach was taken. These, however, are but a few of the expedients suggested by the prolific fancy of our hero.

Newmarket has lately to boast but very little of the company of our adventurer, who has been estranged to it for some time, on account of some engagements in the *Levant* trade, which have been a bar to his attendance.

An accident or two will farther illustrate this curious character. Having once stripped a young man at cards of about 100l. with which he was intrusted, in order to pay a bill for a certain *Duchess*, her grace applied in person to the winner, to refund the whole, or at least a part of his booty. *Old Nick's* answer was witty; "To make sport, madam, do you now sit down with me at cards, and play for all you have about you; after I win your smock, so far from refunding, I'll send you home *bare* —— to your DUKE, my dear."

One of his friends being under trial for a very serious charge, having

having no defence left but his character, produced *Old Nick*, in order to deſcribe it. Our hero's ready eloquence repreſented him as the moſt amiable and innocent of the creation. The counſel for the proſecution having *ſmelt a rat*, began to ply him with ſuch queſtions as he poſitively refuſed to anſwer. Being aſked the reaſon, he anſwered honeſtly for once in his life: "My buſineſs here was to give the man a *good character*, and you—you *flat*, imagine that I'm come to give him a *bad one*.

Remarkable Race.

IN 1719, the King's Plate of 100gs for five yr old mares carrying 10ſt. at Black Hambleton, was won by the Duke of Rutland's bl f. Bonny Black, 4 yrs old, by Black Hearty, beating Smiling Molly, Strawberry, and 26 others: 16 only could be placed by the judge; 5 were drawn. So that 36 entered; the largeſt number ever known at that place.

An Alphabetical List *of the* Clerks *of the* Courses.

ABINGDON, Mr. J. Shurry
Alnwick, Mr. Wilſon
Aſcot Heath, Mr. Harvey, of Bagſhot
Bath, Mr. Scudamore
Barnet, Mr. Tanner
Blandford, Mr. J. Wyatt
Bridgenorth, Mr. R. Dukes
Burford, Mr. L. Myers
Catterick Bridge, Mr. Ferguſon
Canterbury, Mr. Baldock
Cardiff, Mr. J. Bradley
Cheſterfield, Mr. Maſſey
Cowbridge, Mr. Bradley
Dorcheſter, Mr. Pouncey
Dumfries, Mr. R. Ramſey
Egham, Mr. S. Sims
Enfield, Mr. Johnſon
Exeter, Mr. W. Stephens
Grantham, Mr. Martin. Mr. Cooper, Judge
Hereford, Mr. I. R. Bach
Lamberton, Mr. Hindmarſh
Lambourn, Mr. Beckett, of Wantage
Litchfield, George Hand, Eſq.
Lincoln, Mr. B. Hunnings
Malton, Mr. R. Boulton
Mancheſter, Mr. Cheſhire
Morpeth, Mr. G. Nelſon
Newmarket, Mr. J. Weatherby, keeper of the match-book, Mr. Longchamp, keeper of the new rooms, Mr. John Hilton, clerk of entries of horſes, Mr. John Fuller, clerk of the courſe, Mr. John Hammond, weigher of the jockies, Mr. J. Bett's, ſtarter of the horſes, Mr. J. Fiſher, porter to the Duke's ſtand and coffee-houſe
Nantwich, Mr. G. Cartwrigh t
Newcaſtle upon Tyne, Mr. ——
Newcaſtle under Lyme, Mr. W. Audley
Newton, Mr. Claughton
Northampton, Mr. Wright
Nottingham, Mr. E. Dear; Mr. Shore, judge
Penrith, Mr. J. Buchannon
Preſton, Mr. T. Cooper
Reading, Mr. Beecher
Reeth, Mr. Alderſon
Richmond, John Robinſon, Eſq.
Saliſbury, Mr. Bacon, of Netherhampton
Shrewſbury, Mr. Ralphs
Stafford, Mr. Nicholas Boden
Stamford, Mr. J. Bentham
Stockton, Mr. Preſton, jun.
Swaffham, Mr. T. Breeſe
Tenbury, Mr. John Smith
Tewkeſbury, Mr. Ricketts
Wakefield, Mr. R. Pearſon
Warwick, Mr. W. Eborall
Worceſter, Mr. George Wall
York, Mr. Rhodes

An Account of the Ancient Manner of HUNTING *in* WALES, *and of the* LAWS *relative thereunto; from* PENNANT'S *Journey to Snowdon.*

THE Welch had several animals, which were the objects of the chace; such as y Carw, or the stag: kaid wenyn, a swarm of bees; and y gleisiad, or the salmon. Yr arth, the bear; y dringhedydd, climbing animals; I suppose wild cats, martins, and squirrels: and ceiliog coëd, or cock of the wood. And the last division was, y llwynog, the fox; Ysgyfarnog, the hare; and yr ywrch, the roe. Some of the above come very improperly under our idea of hunting, yet were comprehended in the code of laws relative to the diversion, formed, as is supposed, by Gryfryd ap Cynan.

I suspect also, that the otter was an object of diversion; there being a cylch dyfrgwn, or an annual payment, by the Welch, for the prince's water dogs.

The three first were helfa Gyffredyn, or the common hunt. The stag, because he was the noblest animal of the chase; and because every body who came by at his death, before he was skinned, might claim a share in him. The next animals were, helfa gyfarthfa, or the animals which could be brought to bay, such as the bear, &c. which were hunted with hounds till they ascended a tree. The bird mentioned here, is the cock of the wood, whose nature it is to sit perched on a bough, where they will gaze till they are shot, as they were, in old times, by the bow, or cross-bow.

The third division were helfa dalef, or the shooting chase, because attended by the clamour of the sportsmen, and comprehended the fox, the hare, and the roe. The method of hunting was either with hounds, or greyhounds, which they let slip at the animals, holding the dogs in leashes. No one was to slip his greyhound when the hounds were in chase, unless he had a hound in the pack, on penalty of having the grey-hound ham-strung; neither was it allowed to kill any animal of chace on its form, or at rest, on pain of forfeiting his bow and arrow to the lord of the manor. When several greyhounds, the property of different persons, were slipt at any animal, the person whose dog was nearest the beast, when last in sight, claimed the skin. A bitch was excepted, unless it was proved she was pregnant by a dog which had before won a skin.

Every person who carries a horn, must give a scientifical account of the nine objects of the chase, or else he will be looked on as a pretender, and forfeit his horn. The same penalty attends the cynlaffan, or leash; he is never again to wear it round his middle, on pain of forfeiture; but then he is suffered to wear it round his arm.

The ancient Welch held the flesh of the stag, hare, wild boar, and the bear, to be the greatest delicacies among the beasts of chase.

The prince had his pencynwydd, or chief huntsman. He was the tenth officer of the court. He had for his own supper one dish of meat; and after it three horns of mead, one from the king, another from the queen, the third from the steward of the houshold. He was never to swear but by his horn and his leash. He had the third of the fines and heriots of all the other hunts-

huntſman; and likewiſe the ſame ſhare of the *amobr*, on the marriage of any of their daughters. At a certain time of the year, he was to hunt for the king only: at other ſeaſons, he was permitted to hunt for himſelf. His horn was that of an ox, of a pound value. He had in winter an ox's hide, to make leaſhes; in ſummer a cow's, to cut into ſpatterdaſhes.

The king had liberty of hunting whereſoever he pleaſed; but if a beaſt was hunted and killed on any gentleman's eſtate, and not followed and claimed by the huntſman that night, the owner of the land might convert it to his own uſe, but was to take good care of the dogs, and preſerve the ſkin.

The penalty of killing a tame ſtag of the king's, was a pound; and a certain fine, if it was a wild one, if it was killed between a certain day of November, and the feaſt of St. John, the value was ſixty-pence; but the fine for killing it, a hundred and eighty-pence. A ſtag was alſo reckoned equivalent to an ox; a hind to a well grown cow; a roe to a goat; a wild ſow to a tame ſow; a badger had no value, becauſe in ſome years it was meaſled; wolves and foxes, and other noxious animals, had no value, becauſe every body was allowed to kill them; and there was none ſet upon a hare, for a very ſingular reaſon, becauſe it was believed every other month to change its ſex*.

Origin of GAMING, &c.

THE following allegory may not altogether be conſidered as a proper ſubject for a work which is avowedly intended for "*the diſciples of Hoyle, and the frequenters of Newmarket*:" yet as the writer has noticed many inſtances wherein the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE have pointed out the conſequences of a too fond attachment to play, he flatters himſelf it may be thought worthy of inſertion.

T. C.

June 20, 1794.

Origin of GAMING, *and her two Children*, DUELLING *and* SUICIDE. *An Allegory.*

ONCE on a time, as the goddeſs Fortune, that capricious jilt, was ſporting at the ſhady foot of Mount Olympus, ſhe was met by the gay and captivating god of war, who, as they were quite alone, forced her to put off, for a time, her fickle coyneſs, and receive him to her arms: the conſequence of which adventure was, in due proceſs of time, a miſ-featured child, called GAMING, who, from the moment of her birth, deſpiſed the rattle, and was quieted only by cards and dice, or a box of counters.

As ſhe grew up, ſhe was courted by all the gay and extravagant of both ſexes; but particularly by men of the ſword, by one of whom, whether knight of the poſt, or German officer, is doubtful; ſhe had twins, the one called DUELLING, the other, a lad of untoward parts and diſtorted features, called SUICIDE.

The gates of her palace, which was ſituated in the moſt conſpicuous ſtreet of the metropolis, near the king's palace, was like the gates of gloomy Dis, ever open to daily and nightly viſitants. It was elegant and magnificent, with lamps ever burning at its door, more coſtly in appearance

* See Leges Gallicæ, xxxix. 256 to 260.

pearance than the palace of the monarch, which was dirty and *sombre*, and resembled more an hospital.

Her eldest son, DUELLING was a sprightly, active, and adventurous youth; but fond of picking quarrels with his comrades at his mother's table, and generally in the wrong: he sometimes fought for the fair sex, and would stab with the same degree of *sang froid*, his bosom friend and bitterest enemy. He delighted in recounting exploits of his Gothick ancestors; and, like them defied all order and justice, appealing solely to the sword.

The younger son had less spirits than his brother, and met with frequent disasters, such as bankruptcy, loss of honour, and friends, which at last broke his spirits, and gave him up to Despair, to whom he was fondly and inseparably attached: in short, they were made one, and have continued ever since to perplex and depopulate mankind.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING done me the honour of inserting my letter on the subject of elephant hunting, in your last Number, it encourages me to continue your correspondent, and shall be much pleased if you think a few observations on the mode of hunting practised by the jackalls of India, will be acceptable to your sporting readers.

Yours, &c.

VERITAS.

The jackalls of India differ in some respects from those of other countries; it is about the size of our fox, but its colour much darker. They conceal themselves in the woods and thickets during the day, and at night ramble about in search of prey, which it obtains by digging up dead bodies, and devouring them; it is a constant attendant on camps, and has been known, in times of famine, to attack a human body, before it has been deprived of life. When other means of sustenance fail, they assemble together in coup[illegible] of thirty and forty, making great destruction amongst the hares, which are here in plenty. They hunt in the same manner as our harriers, and it is not uncommon for them to pass in full cry, through an encampment in the middle of the night, on the plains of Indostan.

Had it been possible to have followed them on those occasions, in all probability they might have afforded as much sport as a regular bred pack; sportsmen, in particular, have cause to regret that those creatures cannot be tamed, and brought to hunt together, the same as in their natural state; and the more so, as there is no possibility of bringing European hounds to any perfection in a climate so detrimental to European constitutions. The experiment has frequently been made, but they soon degenerate, and become good for nothing.

MODE OF TAKING THE ANTELOPE IN INDIA.

Two of these beautiful creatures have been presented to his majesty by a gentleman lately returned from India. It is much finer

ſner made than the deer, and ſo ſwift, that no dogs can equal his ſpeed. The plains abound both with them and deer, which run together in herds: the natives have a method of taking the males alive, which is done by training up a young one for their purpoſe.

The hunters prepare for their ſport, by fixing ſeveral nooſes, or running knots, on the horns of the tame antelope or deer, and as ſoon as a herd of them is to be ſeen, he is turned looſe, when he immediately advances towards them: and as ſoon as he approaches, the champion of the herd gives him the meeting, and a fierce combat generally enſues, which terminates with his getting himſelf entangled in the nooſes or running knots, after which he is eaſily taken.

Iſlington, June 18, 1794.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Extraordinary ANECDOTES *of the late Mr.* CHARLES LEWIS.

THIS gentleman was well known, and as well reſpected at Newmarket, and other faſhionable places of ſport. The eventful hiſtory of Mr. Lewis's life to a common obſerver, has much the air of *a tale of other times*. He was the only ſon of Mr. Lewis, a tradeſman in London, who from encumbered circumſtances, was in the Fleet-priſon, attended by his wife, when his ſon was born, and where he continued ſome years. The firſt period of his life was ſpent within the walls of this ſtrong hold. His father dying, and his mother being in indigence, he was reared ſolely by the bounty of the priſoners; but being a lad of parts, he ſoon made himſelf uſeful in the Fives-court, by making the balls, and ſtringing racquets for this ſport, and alſo for the tennis-court. While in this ſituation, his mother lived houſekeeper with a gentleman of fortune, who dying, left him in ground-rents, in and about Piccadilly, a fortune of 500l. a year. Two years before his death, he was on the point of being married to a Miſs Edwards, who had a conſiderable fortune in her own hands. Miſs E. was of a conſumptive habit, and though very ill, the day of their union was fixed, when from weakneſs a ſlight delirium ſeized her. Whether from accident or otherwiſe we know not, ſhe fell from a two pair of ſtairs window, and lived only a few days, leaving all her fortune to Mr. Lewis; to the credit of whom it ſhould be mentioned, that he generouſly provided for her relatives. Mr. Lewis now joined more frequently in the ſports of the turf, &c and was very ſucceſsful; but it was thought the loſs of Miſs Edwards preyed upon his ſpirits; and after a ſhort illneſs, he died at his houſe in Park-lane, Knightſbridge, on the 17th of January laſt, in the 26th year of his age; leaving the bulk of his fortune, which was very much improved while a ſportſman, to his friend and brother ſportſman, Mr. Thomas Clarke, together with debts of honour due to him on the turf, tennis-court, &c. which are of conſiderable amount, and ſome of them from gentlemen of the firſt rank.

When we conſider the education of Mr. Lewis, and the ſcenes of life to which he was early introduced, to find him a man of honour, is not a little to his praiſe.

 EXPLA-

EXPLANATION *of an* OLD ADAGE.

HOBSON'S CHOICE:—THAT OR NONE.

WILLIAM Hobſon let horſes to the ſtudents of Cambridge, and numbered his ſtalls in ſuch a manner that the horſes were let in regular rotation, without favour or affection, good or bad, as it happened. By this practice he acquired a conſiderable fortune: John Payne engraved in the year 1650, a portrait of this old horſe-dealer, with a large purſe in his hand, and the following inſcription;

Laugh not to ſee ſo plain a man in print;
The ſhadow's homely, yet there's ſomething in't;
Witneſs the bag he bears tho' ſeeming poor,
The fertile mother of a thouſand more.
He was a thriving man thro' lawful gain,
And wealthy grew thro' warrantable pain.
Then laugh at them that ſpend—not them that gather,
Like thrifty ſons of ſuch a thrifty father.

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* HUMMING BIRD.

OF this beautiful little creature, ſixty ſpecies are enumerated, from the ſize of a ſmall wren down to that of a bee. An European could never have ſuppoſed a bird exiſting ſo very ſmall, and yet completely furniſhed with a bill, feathers, wings, and inteſtines, exactly reſembling thoſe of the largeſt kind. A bird ſo diminutive would be thought the creature of imagination, were it not ſeen in infinite numbers, and as frequent as butterflies in a ſummer's day, ſporting from flower to flower in the fields of America, and extracting their ſweets with its little beak.

The neſts of theſe birds are extremely curious; they are ſuſpended in the air, at the point of the twigs of an orange, a pomegranate, or a citron-tree; ſometimes even in houſes, if they find a twig adapted to the purpoſe. The female is the architect, while the male goes in queſt of materials; ſuch as cotton, fine moſs, and the ſmall fibres of vegetables. The ſhell of an hen's egg cut in two, would form a couple of ſuch neſts in regard to ſize. She lays two eggs, and never more of the magnitude of ſmall peas, beautifully white, with here and there a yellow ſpeck. The time of incubation continues twelve days; at the end of which period the young ones appear, hardly exceeding the ſize of a blue bottle-fly.

The ſmalleſt humming-bird, as already obſerved, is not larger than a bee, and weighs but about twenty grains. The feathers on its wings and tail are of a violet brown, but thoſe on its body, and under its wings, are of a greeniſh colour, with a fine red caſt or gloſs, which no ſilk or velvet can imitate. The bill is black, ſtraight, ſlender, and three inches and an half in length.

The ruby-creſſed humming-bird is larger than the preceding. Its throat has the appearance of burniſhed gold, gloſſed with emeralds: and it has a ſmall creſt on its head, green at the bottom, and of a gold colour at the top.

The garnet-throated humming bird is four inches and a quarter in length. Its bill is hooked, and about an inch long; its head, neck, &c. are of a dark green, and the throat of a fine garnet, appearing gloſſy in ſome directions. The gold-throated humming-bird is about half as large as the common wren, and without a creſt on its head; it is, however, covered from the throat half

half way down the belly; with changeable crimson-coloured feathers, which in different lights, form a variety of beautiful colours, much like the opal. But the ruby-necked is the most beautiful of all the species; it is about the size of the preceding; the upper parts of its body are brown, with a mixture of green and gold, and the throat is like the finest topaz. There are, indeed, almost all colours of these beautiful animals: crimson, green, emerald, white-breasted, and spotted; some with, and others without crests. Most of them have small eyes, which are as black as jet.

How infinitely do these add to the high-finishing and beauty of a rich luxurious western landscape? As soon as the sun is risen, the humming birds of different kinds are seen fluttering about the flowers without ever settling themselves upon them. Their wings are in such rapid motion, that it is impossible to discern their colours, but by their glittering. They are perpetually busy, visiting flower after flower, and robbing them successively of their honey. For this purpose, nature has formed them with a forked tongue, which enters the cup of the flower, and extracts its nectared tribute; upon this alone they subsist. The rapid motion of their wings produces a humming sound, whence they have acquired their name.

It is doubted by some, whether these birds have a continued note in singing. All travellers, however, agree, that, exclusive of the humming noise produced by their wings, they have a little interrupted chirrup; but Labat asserts, that they have a most pleasing melancholy melody in their voices, though small, and proportioned to the organs which produce it. In different places, perhaps, their notes are also different; and as there are some which continue torpid all the winter, there may probably be some which have agreeable voices though the others may, in general be silent.

Modern METHOD *of* HUNTING *the* WHALE.

(Concluded from *Page 77.)*

WHEN the whale is dead, it is lashed along-side the ship; the fishermen then lay it on one side, and put two ropes, one at the head, and the other in the place of the tail, which, together with the fins, is struck off as soon as he is taken, to keep these extremities above water. On the off-side of the whale are two boats, to receive the pieces of fat, utensils, and men, which might otherwise fall into the water on that side.

These precautions being taken, three or four men with irons at their feet to prevent slipping, get on the whale, and begin to cut out pieces of about three feet thick and eight long, which are hauled up at the capstern or windlass. When the fat is all got off, they cut off the whiskers of the upper jaw with an axe. Let it, however, be observed that, before they begin cutting, they are all lashed to keep them firm; which facilitates the cutting, and prevents their falling into the sea; when on board, five or six of them are bundled together, and properly stowed; and, after all is got off, the carcase is turned adrift, and greedily devoured by the bears. In proportion as the large pieces of fat are cut off, the rest of the crew are employed in slicing

ſlicing them ſmaller, and picking out all the lean. When this is prepared, they ſtow it under the deck, where it lies till the fat of all the whale is on board; then, cutting it ſtill ſmaller, they put it up in caſks in the hold, cramming them very full and cloſe. Nothing now remains but to ſail homewards, where the fat is to be boiled, and melted down into train oil.

The legiſlature conſidering the whale-fiſhery as a matter of great national importance; has beſtowed upon it, at different periods, very conſiderable encouragement. In particular, every Britiſh veſſel of two hundred tons or upwards, bound to the Greenland ſeas on the whale-fiſhery, if found to be duly qualified according to the act, obtained a licence from the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms, to proceed on ſuch voyage; and on the ſhip's return, the maſter and mate making oath that they proceeded on ſuch voyage and no other, and uſed all their endeavours to take whales, &c. and that all the whale-fins, blubber, oil, &c. imported in their ſhip, were taken by their crew in thoſe ſeas, there was allowed forty ſhillings for every ton, according to the admeaſurement of the ſhip.

But it was afterwards diſcovered that ſo great a bounty was neither neceſſary to the ſucceſs of the trade, nor expedient with regard to the public. The acts conferring ſuch emoluments being on the point of expiring, the ſubject was brought under the conſideration of parliament, in 1786; when it was propoſed to continue the former meaſures, but with a reduction of the bounty from forty ſhillings to thirty ſhillings. In propoſing this alteration, it was ſtated, "that the ſums which this country had paid in bounties for the Greenland-fiſhery amounted to 1,265,461l. that, in the laſt year, we had paid 94,858l. and that, from the conſequent deduction of the price of the fiſh, the public at preſent paid ſixty *per cent.* upon every cargo. In the Greenland-fiſhery there were employed ſix thouſand ſeamen, and theſe ſeamen coſt government thirteen pounds ten ſhillings per man *per annum*, though we were never able to obtain more than five hundred of that number to ſerve on board our ſhips of war. Beſides, the vaſt encouragement given to the trade had occaſioned ſuch a glut in the market, that it was found neceſſary to export conſiderable quantities; and thus we paid a large ſhare of the purchaſe-money for foreign nations, as well as for our own people, beſides ſupplying them with the materials of ſeveral important manufactures."

This propoſition, though oppoſed by ſeveral members, was finally carried; and the propriety of the meaſure ſoon became apparent. At that time (1786) the number of ſhips employed from England in the whale-fiſhery, to Davis's Straits, and the Greenland Seas, amounted to 139, beſides 15 from Scotland. The propoſed alteration took place in 1787: and notwithſtanding the diminution of the bounty, the trade increaſed; the number of ſhips employed the ſame year from England amounting to 217, and in 1788, to 222.

The fleſh of the whale is a dainty to ſome nations; and the ſavages of Greenland, as well as thoſe near the ſouth pole, conſider it as the moſt delicious food. They eat the fleſh, and drink the oil.

oil. The finding a dead whale is reckoned one of the most fortunate circumstances of their wretched lives; they make their abode by the side of it, and seldom remove till they have left nothing but the bones.

*** *The following Decisions respecting* LOTTERY INSURANCES, *may be of use to some of our Subscribers; we need not, therefore, make any further apology for their insertion.*

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

DRUMMOND *v.* DEEY.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant for the recovery of 500l. for money lost, or alledged to be lost, by insuring in the lottery. The opening of this case, and a short examination of one witness, on behalf of the plaintiff, presented to his lordship the true complexion of the business, who immediately stopped the cause, upon that established and equitable rule of law—that no man ought to take advantage of his own wrong.

His lordship therefore directed the plaintiff to be non-suited, declaring that it was too much for a man to come into a court of justice to seek the wages of iniquity.

A similar decision was made by the present Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, where the creditors of a bankrupt (who had squandered away all their property) gave him his certificate, that he might be a competent witness for the purpose of recovering back the money which he had lost by insuring in the lottery. In this case, his lordship reprobated the conduct of the assignees and creditors, and very justly so, because the bankrupt was, in fact, swearing for himself; for had his assignees succeeded in the attempt, he would be entitled to an allowance of ten, twelve, or fifteen per cent. out of all the money so recovered. In this case, his lordship very judiciously enquired how much money the bankrupt had won.

It is rather astonishing, that considering the law has been so long settled upon this subject, that any attorney can, at this day, be ignorant enough to bring a similar action, for it was solemnly determined by Lord Loughborough and the rest of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, that insuring in a lottery is not within the purview of any of the statutes respecting gaming. Which determination of the Court of Common Pleas was afterwards confirmed by a similar decision in the Court of Chancery.

RACE *against Time on* SUNBURY COMMON, *June* 24.

IN consequence of a bet made by Mr. S—— and Mr. H—— of 100gs to 50, that the latter gentleman did not ride his roan gelding 12 miles in 50 minutes. He set out from the place appointed on Sunbury Common, near Hampton, at five o'clock in the morning the 24th of June, and accomplished his wager with great difficulty both to the animal and himself, thirty-two seconds within the time.

Considerable bets were made, and four to one in favour of Mr. H—— was repeatedly laid at the time of his starting.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TUESDAY May 27, was decided at Tenterden, Kent, the long depending match, 1 mile heat, between Mr. Biſhop's gr. g. Tooth-drawer, and Mr. Milſted's ch. h. Hazard, which was won by the former. Betting at the poſt 5 to 2 on Tooth-drawer.

ARCHERY.

Wedneſday May 28, the general meeting of archers was held on Dulwich Common, and was attended by about fifty archers from the different ſocieties in the kingdom, who began ſhooting at twelve, and left off at ſix o'clock, when the ſucceſsful candidates for the prizes were declared to be, Mr. Cazalet, captain of the target, for having made the moſt center ſhot; Mr. Green, captain of numbers; Mr. Wynn, lieutenant of numbers; and Mr. Potts, lieutenant of the target, for the ſecond-beſt ſhot.

The prize allotted to the ſociety which named five of its members at the beginning of the ſhooting, who ſhould excel in number of hits during the day's ſport, was one by the Toxophilite Society, by 195 hits.

The ſhooting was conducted with much regularity and ſatisfaction to the archers, under the direction of the Earl of Morton, preſident of the meeting; and the beauty of the ſcene was truly picturesque, and not a little ornamented by the lady viſitors on the occaſion. The archers afterwards adjourned to Willis's rooms to dinner, and paſſed the evening with much conviviality and good humour.

The following ſingular relation may be depended upon. About a month ſince, Mr. Wallace, of Wincheſter, ſent a fine male cat, tied up in a bag, by the Goſport-carrier, to a Mr. Hart, at Portſmouth. The cat, however, after a ſhort ſtay at Portſmouth, ſet out on its return to Wincheſter, and arrived at its old habitation, after an abſence of three weeks greatly emaciated by fatigue and hunger. The diſtance is twenty-ſeven miles, two of which are taken acroſs water, but that part of the journey the animal might avoid on its return, by a circuitous road.

MAIL COACHES.

When the drawing-room broke up on the 4th of June, their Majeſties and the Princeſſes appeared at one of the bow-windows of the palace, fronting St. James's-ſtreet, to ſee the mail-coach proceſſion: 18 coaches, entirely new, each drawn by four beautiful blood horſes, decorated with ribbands, paſſed before the Royal Family in the following order, viz.

1 Briſtol	10 Ipſwich
2 Bath	11 Edinburgh
3 Exeter	12 Pool
4 Liverpool	13 Dover
5 Mancheſter	14 Portſmouth
6 Shrewſbury	15 Cheſter
7 Leeds	16 Wiſbeach
8 York	17 Glouceſter
9 Norwich	18 Worceſter

The orderly deportment and diſcipline of the coachmen and guards who were dreſſed in royal liveries, deſerve much praiſe. Their majeſties ſeemed highly pleaſed with the ſight, and which we think was one of the moſt agreeable and lively exhibitions of the day.

CRICKET.

On Monday, May 26, and the three following days, a grand match of cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, between eight gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, with T. Walker, Beldam, and Hammon, againft eleven of Middlefex, for one thoufand guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
T. Walker b Lord	32	c Finch -	44
Hammon hit wicket -	0	b Fennex -	3
Beldam b Fennex -	11	c Turner -	0
Earl Winchelfea b do.	16	b Lord -	1
C. Clark, Efq. b Turner	0	not out -	12
A. Smith, Efq. b Fennex	0	b Fennex -	19
G. Louch, Efq. b do.	17	b Lord -	1
Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun. b Lord	27	b ditto -	6
Mellifh, Efq. not out -	41	c Wheeler, Efq. -	17
Hon. Mr. Twifleton, run out	11	b Rubegall -	4
Nicoll, Efq. b Lord -	2	c Ray -	13
Byes	12	Byes	7
	169		127

MIDDLESEX.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Graham b Beldam	30	c T. Walker -	4
Finch c Hon. Mr. Tufton, jun.	7	c G. Louch, Efq. -	6
Ray c Beldam -	1	c Beldam -	8
Fennex ftumpt Hammon	5	b Hammon -	62
Goldham, Efq. c T. Walker	17	run out -	0
Lord c G. Louch, Efq.	0	b Beldam -	18
Dale c T. Walker -	1	not out -	2
Turner c ditto -	6	b Beldam -	0
J. Brown, Efq. b ditto	3	b T. Walker -	3
Rubegall not out -	3	b Hammon -	2
Wheeler, Efq. ftumpt Hammon	11	b T. Walker -	3
Byes	0	Byes	4
	84		112

MONDAY, June 2, a match at draughts was played at the Stone-houfe, in Old-ftreet, between the noted Jew, Ifrael Cowen, and the famous Mr. Beaumont. They played twenty games, for a guinea a game, nineteen of which were drawn, and the twentieth was won by Cowen, who is univerfally allowed to be the beft draught-player in the kingdom. A hundred pounds to ten was betted in Cowen's favour; and in the courfe of play, gold to filver was repeatedly offered. Among the firft-rate players prefent, were Mr. Latham, Mr. Martin, Mr. George Crofs, the St. James's butcher, Mr. Hughes, and a number of genteel amateurs. Mr. Hughes afterwards played with three different gentlemen, and beat his competitors with eafe.

On Monday the 2d of June, a grand match of cricket was played on Highgate Common, between eleven gentlemen of Highgate, and eleven gentlemen of Kentiſh Town and Hampſtead, for four hundred guineas.

HIGHGATE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Anderſon b Hack -	19	b Hack -	11
Sharp b Gable -	0	c ditto -	16
Hill b Shepperd -	12	b ditto -	17
Mr. Wheeler run out -	9	b Gable -	27
Parrot run out -	9	b Shepperd - -	5
Melton b Shepperd -	2	c Kentiſh -	0
Batchellor b Hack -	7	b Hack -	1
French b Shepperd	2	hit wicket -	1
Redwood c Hack -	4	hit wicket -	28
Cato c Kentiſh -	0	not out - -	1
Spencer not out -	0	bit wicket -	0
Byes	12	Byes	20
	76		127

KENTISH TOWN AND HAMPSTEAD.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Gable b Anderſon	5	b Anderſon -	8
Kentiſh c Sharp -	0	b Sharp -	3
Knight run out	2	not out -	18
Moor c Anderſon	0	b Sharp -	1
Hitchman c Spencer	3	b ditto -	3
Shepperd b Sharp	1	ſtumpt ditto -	6
Jones b ditto -	6	b Anderſon -	1
Hack b Anderſon	1	b ditto -	8
Birch not out -	1	b ditto -	1
Wood b Sharp -	0	ſtumpt Sharp	4
Randall b ditto -	0	b Anderſon -	0
Byes	1	Byes	6
	14		59

LEWES, JUNE 3.

A few days ſince J. Newnham, Eſq. of Maresfield, caught with trouling tackle, in Maresfield-pond, a pike which weighed upwards of 23lb. Mr. Newnham was upwards of two hours, after ſtriking the above fiſh, before he could bring him to land.

June 5. Mr. Benjamin Court, of Faverſham, in Kent, ran 100 yards in twelve ſeconds, for a wager of 20 guineas, on the paved part, in the middle of the City Mall. Conſiderable bets were laid that he did it in eleven ſeconds.

WHITSUNTIDE DIVERSIONS.

On Whit-Tueſday, the following amuſements took place on Stockwell-green: A jingling-match for one hour, for a purſe of ſilver, conſiſting of ſeven men, ſix of them blind-folded, and the jingler who had a bell faſtened to his back, who were all incloſed in a ſquare of thirty feet, corded in. If the jingler was caught in half an hour, the perſon who caught him was to have half the purſe, and

and the jingler to start again for the remainder of the hour; and if caught again within the hour, the remainder to be equally divided between the two men who caught him; but if the jingler was not caught once during the hour, he was to have the whole contents of the purse. After a run of fifteen minutes, the jingler was caught by Thomas Jones, and was again caught in twenty minutes after, by W. Edwards.

After which there was a match at single-stick played on a stage for a purse of half-crowns: he who broke the most heads to have the purse, and every one who had his head broke to receive one shilling and six-pence: all ties to be played off. The victor (who broke five heads) was a man known by the name of West-country Dick.

There was likewise a holland smock run for by fillies: the conditions were, that they were not to be above twenty-one. The best of three heats; to carry catch-weight; no crossing nor jostling, nor less than three reputed *maids* to start. Five candidates entered for this prize, two of whom were distanced the first heat, and the second, after a hard contest, was won (as well as the first) by a Miss Stump, well known in the purlieus of Kent-street.

A wrestling-match for a laced hat concluded the diversions of the day.

SINGING MATCH.

June 10, at the City Arms, in the City Road, a match was sung between two mule birds belonging to Mr. Jeremiah Swan, and Mr. Roberts, for ten guineas a side, which was won by the former gentleman, his bird singing ten score jerks in fifteen minutes, the limited time.

Mr. Alvey was umpire, and Mr. T. Stent, scorer.

June 11, a man known by the name of Long Joe (who some time ago beat the famous Spaniard), undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to run ten miles, on the Deptford-road, in fifty-eight minutes, which he did not perform. The bets were 7 to 4 in his favour. A great number of sporting men were present, and the knowing ones were taken in.

June 17. The beginning of last week, a desperate battle was fought in Tothill-fields, between a lady in the fish trade, and a virgin, the daughter of a costermonger. The ladies came to the field loosely attired, to have the freer exercise of their limbs; and before the combat was over, these fair ones were nearly in buff. The contest lasted twenty minutes, when victory declared in favour of the maiden. The blows on both sides were hard, and *more black spots than one* were visible.

June 21, a man well known by the appellation of Dumb Mich. ran from the Angel at Islington, to the Star in the City Road, (near a mile) in four minutes and thirty-seven seconds, for a bet of five guineas. He was allowed four minutes and forty seconds. Johnson the pugilist, and a great number of the family were present.

The athletic exercises are introducing themselves into the city. A foot-race the whole length of a dining-room, is said to be determined upon between Deputy Gobble, and an eminent four-pounder. It is to be decided the best of three heats.

A few days ago a circumſtance of a very uncommon nature occurred in the neighbourhood of Cobham, a large flight of cormorants were ſeen hovering about the park, which carried away great quantities of poultry; they had the audacity to attack a deer, and made great deſtruction among the fruit. Several of theſe rapacious animals were ſhot, and the reſt diſperſed; ſome of theſe wounded have ſince been ſeen about Chatham and Brompton.

Lately a ſnake of an uncommon ſize for this country, was ſhot as he was baſking in the ſun near a dunghill, on Hayward's Heath. This huge reptile meaſured in length near five feet, and in proportion to which his ſize in every part correſponded. He had been often ſeen before by the men who ſhot him, and on their diſturbing him, would inſtantly diſappear, and ſeek ſhelter under cover of the earth.

A few days ago, a mare belonging to Mr. Baker Rackham, of Guteon-hall, foaled a filly with three fore and two hind feet. The falſe one, ſpringing from the jock joint, was entirely perfect, and amputated by Mr. Watſon, in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Carr, of Coſteſſey. The creature, after the operation, immediately ran to, and ſucked the mare, and is likely to do very well.

The affair of honour between Lord F—l—d and Mr. O'B—ne, fortunately originated in play, and therefore had no very ſerious termination.

A very diſtreſſing circumſtance has lately occurred at Bengworth, in Worceſterſhire. About eight months ſince, a lady of the name of Marſhal was bitten by a dog, which ſome time after proved to have been mad. Mrs. Marſhal had recourſe to ſea-bathing, and every poſſible medical aſſiſtance, and returned home, ſatisfied that no ill could reſult from the accident; but about a fortnight ſince, ſymptoms of the hydrophobia became viſible, and ſhe expired the day following in the greateſt agony.

At Red-ſyke, Cumberland, a few days ago, Mr. John Peacock, was married to the agreeable widow Scott; being the fourth time the lady has put on the ſilken trammels. They were attended by an old acquaintance, in the character of a groom's-man, whoſe age, added to the age of the happy pair, produces 230 years. The lady was carried to church by another old acquaintance, a horſe, being the third time dobbin had performed the ſame kind office for his good miſtreſs; and ſhe is ſo fond of the creature, that ſhe hopes the poor dumb thing may live to carry her a fourth.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A perſon in the Iſle of Whithorn, near Whitehaven, lately ſtumbled upon the nurſery of a hare, in his morning walk; curioſity prompted him to take home the two leverets which he found in it; and an incident, unknown to him, ſupplied a mother for the young: the houſe-cat had juſt then been deprived of three kittens; ſhe inſtantly adopted the two ſtrangers, which ſhe continues to ſuckle, and guards with all the vigilance ſo remarkable in her ſpecies. This ſingular fact is well authenticated.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PARODY OF A SOLILOQUY IN HAMLET.

TO hunt, or not to hunt ?—that is the question.
Whether 'tis prudent in the soul to suffer
The pang's of self-denial, or to urge,
With enthusiastic rage, and bold defiance,
To rapid chase—to hunt—to ride—
No more; and by that ride to say we fly
From thought, that canker-worm to gay desires,
From cares that feed upon the lamp of life;
'Tis a fruition devoutly to be wish'd,
To hunt—to ride—to ride ?—perchance to fall;
Aye, there's the rub.————
For in the mad pursuit what falls may come,
When every hound each hardy sinew strains
And every breeze conveys enrapturing sounds,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That give's the fatal blow to promis'd joys;
That taints with baleful blight each blooming hope.
Who would forego this madness of delight,
Who, without pain, could hear a chase describ'd,
Or silent sit, while others boast their feats,
When he himself might mount the neighing steed,
And urge the sprightly chase ? Beneath a roof,
Who would wear out the tedious, doleful day,
Oppress'd with discontent, and dire remorse;
But that the dread of fate precipitate,
(That unknown field, where, destitute of aid,
With shiver'd limb he haply may repent
His forward zeal, and fury uncontroul'd)
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather pine
In humble cell, than seek for distant joys,
Where pain and death th' advent'rous hero wait.
But hark !——
The hunter's notes, on zephyr's pinions borne,
Assail my ears————
Already Phœbus gilds the mountain top,
Great Phœbus, patron of the hunting race,
Propitious smile, and banish every doubt.

GAFFER GRAY,

By Mr. HOLCROFT.

From his admirable Novel of "The ADVENTURES of HUGH TREVOR,"—just published.

I.

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray!
And why dost thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
"'Tis I'm grown very old,
"And my doublet is not very new.
"Well-a-day!"

II.

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but credit I've none,
"And my money's all gone,
"Then say how may that come to pass?
"Well-a-day!"

III.

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
"Against worldly riches,
"But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
"Well-a-day!"

IV.

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
"And will threaten the stocks,
"Should he evermore find me in want.
"Well-a-day!"

The

V.

The 'ſquire has fat beeves and brown ale,
  Gaſter Gray,
And the ſeaſon will welcome you there.
  " The fat beeves and his beer,
  " And his merry new year,
" Are all for the fluſh and the fair,
  " Well-a-day!"

VI.

My keg is but low, I confeſs,
  Gaſter Gray;
What then, while it laſts, man, we'll live;
  The poor man alone,
  When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morſel, a morſel will give,
  Well-a-day!

The moſt approved Songs in the Dramatic Romance called

LODOISKA.

VARBEL.

SONG.

I.

HARK! hark! the muſic—
  Oh! charming dinning!
The gueſts are ſeated,
  They're all beginning,
    With the dancing fiddle,
    Shrill-ſqueaking hautboy,
    The tinkling harp too,
    Soft am'rous flute, ſir,
    And lively trumpet,
    The drum ſo angry,
    The bells ſo merry,
    The buzzing cymbal,
    And grumbling baſſo—
And theſe delights I've loſt,
By your weddings being croſt.

II.

Look, look around, ſir,
  The grave one's bridle,
The youths all noddle,
  The maidens ſidle
    To the dancing fiddle,
    Shrill-ſqueaking hautboy,
    The tinkling harp too,
    Soft am'rous flute, ſir,
    And lively trumpet,
    The drum ſo angry,
    The bell ſo merry,
    The buzzing cymbal,
    And grumbling baſſo—
Oh, wouldn't it vex one to miſs
Such a raviſhing concert as this,

LODOISKA:

AIR.

I.

Ye ſtreams, that round my priſon creep,
  If on your moſſy banks you ſee
My gallant lover ſtand and weep,
  Oh, murmur this command from me:—
Thy miſtreſs bids thee haſte away,
And ſhun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

II.

Ye gales, that love with me to ſigh,
  If in your breezy flight you ſee,
My dear Floreſki ling'ring nigh,
  Oh, whiſper this command from me:—
Thy miſtreſs bids thee haſte away,
And ſhun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

AIR.

I.

Sweet bird, that cheer'ſt the heavy hours
  Of winter's dreary reign,
O, ſtill exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
  And pour the vocal ſtrain!

II.

Go not to ſeek a ſcanty fare
  From Nature's frozen hand,
Whilſt I, with gratitude, prepare
  The food thy wants demand.

III.

Domeſtic bird, with me remain
  Until next verdant ſpring
Again ſhall bring the woodland train,
  Their grateful tribute bring.

IV.

Sweet robin, then thou may'ſt explore,
  And join the feather'd throng,
And every vocal buſh ſhall pour
  The energy of ſong.

FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

ROUND Flavia's glaſs unnumber'd meſſage cards,
From various friends, preſent their beſt regards.
Who would not wiſh by crowds to be approv'd?
Who would not envy Flavia, thus belov'd!
But ſhould theſe friends all wed, be ſick, or die,
Flavia, I ween, would neither laugh nor cry.
The love, that thus unites theſe cordial friends,
In nightly routs or morning viſits, ends.

SONG

SONG.

Io! Io! Io! Io!
RAPTURE seizes all my soul,
When I quaff the flowing bowl,
Not such fierce delights I feel,
Nor when o'er-power'd with wine I reel;
Venus gives me half her charms,
The lovely Celia fills my arms.

Cymon B.

SINGULAR EPITAPH,

IN PRESBURY CHURCH-YARD.

IN life one bed,
In death one grave,
Is all loving pairs should have.

EPITAPH,

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE dame that takes her rest beneath this tomb,
Had Rachael's fair face, and Leah's fruitful womb;
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

A MONODY,

On the Death of BENJAMIN BRIANT, commonly called BIG BEN.

BY HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF HUM-IN-TUNE.

CASTOR to thee this lofty theme I bring,
With strength divine, oh! nerve my feeble wing:
And thou, of name uncouth, oh! Pollux come,
Or else the muse is mum.
For much unused to the melting mood,
Unless inspir'd by you,
How can I well set-to,
Who am in mournful verse so wild and rude.

Twins of the Thump, straight to Apollo go,
Whose sacred aid may teach my verse to flow;
Tell him to "touch my hallow'd lips with fire,"
He'll do as you desire.
But should he dare refuse, pray tell him this;
To fix upon my lip,
The true poetic tip!
Or if he don't tip mine you'll thump at his.

'Tis done, and now methinks this vivid flame
Shall be the beacon of my Bryant's fame;
Attracting every eye, e'en half seas o'er,
That shall in briny blubbering floods deplore,
Big Ben knock'd up, and boxing now no more.

My pen glows like a taper,
I fear 'twill burn the paper;
Unless "some mournful muse,
"Soft pity should infuse,"
And teach the tears and strains at once to flow.
Soft! here I go;
Sweet classic graces float,
And now I'm in the boat,
With Sheridan, who, in immortal lays,
Round Garrick's mem'ry twin'd the monumental bays.

For what is mimic art, or mimic grace?
Or mimic valour in a mimic's face?
What are those touches tending to refine?
Can such, my Benzy, be compar'd with thine?
Who with unerring hand
The feelings could command,
Could pity move; bid real tears to flow,
Your *art*—a *slop*; your *grace*—a *knock-down blow!*

Oh, happy times, e'er frittering taste began
To shed refinements o'er the sports of man.
E'er on those hands were rings and ruffles plac'd
Which well before the sturdy gauntlet grac'd
In manhood's prime, when, without taking odds,
Heroic mortals box'd and beat the gods.
When brave Diomede (well that youth could spar)
Set-to, and soundly thrash'd the God of War!
His was the proud success! the glorious day!
And Mars gave in, and roar'd and run away!

Oh! could those antient days great Benzy boast,
In Grecian host;
Or in the Trojan camp, the gods t'assail;
For 'gainst him mortal force was sure to fail.
How had Old Homer's muse his deeds express'd,
That with heroic power,
He "stood like a tower,"
'Gainst many a shower,
Of rattling thumps about his brawny breast.

Long

Long did the ftage confefs thy fov'reign fway,
Shook by the deaf'ning fhout, the loud huzza;
And many a wight, by rude crofs-buttock thrown,
With loins unftrung, confefs'd the fod thy own.
And had the fates been kind, perhaps,
Thou had'ft efcap'd thofe clumfy raps
Which clos'd thy proud career,
Nor Johnfon come within the lift
To brave thy majefty of fift,
For fear.

But Tom well knew when love's keen poifon ftole
That ftrength which lately fill'd each well-ftrung loin,
And fix'd a painful lump in either groin,
He fnatch'd, by Wint'ry Bob's advice,
The time fo critical and nice,
A conqueft to atchieve.
When no one could believe
That Ben fhould beat his man, and leave
Such heavy *facks of fighs*, and *facks of coal*!
But Wrotham's multitudes could fhortly tell,
How mighty Johnfon, thought he fought fo well,
That bruifer ne'er before could overthrow him,
Lay proftrate, and for mercy afked,
By blood and bruifes fo difguis'd and mafk'd,
His mother could not know him!
Mourn, all ye *old ones!* brother bruifers mourn!
Ye *knowing kiddies*, hover round his urn!
Mourn the loft Ben, whofe arm no longer bids
Thofe *downifh* means to thrive, by which you *nap'd the quids*.

Mourn, now, each Tinman, Duftman, Raggamuffin,
Each Coachman, Publican, each Jew and Ruffian,

Mark! how the Duke affumes a milkfop mien,
And cuts of Ward, and clafps a playhoufe Queen!
See, how B—d—ll quits London Lazzaroni,
And fhines at Naples—quite a Macaroni.
Watches each note from Billington afcending,
And dies upon a cadencenever ending!
Perifh fuch melodies! fince loft's the mood,
Which prefs'd the hand of Ben in Johnfon's blood embrued.

Behold! the Major's tears proclaim his woes,
"Courfing each other down his *natty nofe*."
Stag, Green, and Jackfon, now lay up the bowl,
Which erft *(at gemmen's coft)* cock'd up your foul.
No *training* now, no *grunters in the clye*,
No crofs, odd fhifts, foul blows, or fighting fhy,
Johnfon's "himfelf again," he owns no mafter;
Turns *gentleman*, and *fets the merry cafter*.—
Goes it in flat—calls Wood a *humbug fellow*,
Then *fquares the yards*, and fniffs his broken fmeller.
Mourn, now, ye pugilifts! your lofs deplore,
For Ben has brufh'd—and boxing is—*no more!!!*

PETER PINDAR *happily defcribeth the Trim of the French Nation, and the Efforts of* BRITISH JACOBINS *to fet her upright.*

KEEL up lies France! long may fhe keep that pofture;
Her Knav'ry, folly, on the rocks have tofs'd her;
Behold the thoufands that furround the wreck;
Her cables parted, rudder gone—
Split all her fails, her main-maft down—
Choak'd all her pumps, broke in her decks,
Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll!
Now am I glad of it with all my foul.
France lifts the bufy fword of blood no more,
Loft to its giant grafp the wither'd hand,
Oh fay what kingdom can her fate deplore;
The dark difturber of each happy land?
To Britain an infidious damn'd Iago—
Remember, Englifhmen, Old Cato's cry,
And keep that patriot model in your eye,
His conftant cry, "*Delenda eft Carthego.*"
France is our Carthage, that fworn foe to truth,
Whofe perfidy deferves th' eternal chain!
And now fhe's down, our *Britifh Bucks, forfooth,
Would lift the ftabbing ftrumpet up again.
Love I the French! by heav'ns 'tis no fuch matter;
Who loves a Frenchman, wars with fimple Nature.
What Frenchman loves a BRITON? none;
Yet by the hand that enemy we take—
Yes, blund'ring Britons bofom up the fnake,
And feel themfelves too late indeed undone!

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* *The Members of the Revolution Correfponding Societies.*